

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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### MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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LINUS DARLING,

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All persons sending contributions to THE PLOUGHMAN for use in its columns must sign their name, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, otherwise they will be considered for publication as written on note sent paper, with ink, and upon but one side.

Correspondence from particular farmers, giving the results of their experience, is solicited. Letters should be signed with the writer's real name, in full, which will be printed or not, as the writer may wish.

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### AGRICULTURAL.

SOME of the legislation for the farmers would be better if it were also by the farmers.

STRAW tied around young trees is good to protect from mice, but wire mesh is better.

SORROW and discouragement when drowned in whiskey only toughens and keeps the longer.

A SERVICEABLE cow for a high grade milk route, is one-half to two-thirds Jersey or Guernsey grade.

IN training apple trees avoid sharp crochets. Train to one central trunk with branches at right angles.

PROF. MAYNARD has a very high opinion of the Lauer apple. Its best point is its long keeping qualities.

APPLE tree borers do not work in the shade. A protection made of laths tied together with wire around the tree will keep them off.

THE farmer whose carting and handling is done before ploughing time will be likely to keep ahead of his work the whole season through.

THE soiling system will produce more milk with the expense of more work. The question is whether the extra milk is worth the additional labor.

MILKING machines are receiving quite a boom in some of the papers and magazines, but there are no signs of the calf and the hired man being driven out of business yet.

FARMERS who have tried the tenant house plan of keeping hired help speak very highly of it. A much better class of help is secured and there is much less work for the women folks.

BEAUTY may be commonly only skin deep, but when it comes to the sale of produce it goes way down to the pocketbook. It is looks that sell fruit, vegetables and eggs for fancy prices.

THE best hired help is none too good. Better pay two good men the wages of three ordinary ones. Get the best workers to be found and men who are fit to have around the house. The kind of help that comes tramping over the road and applies for a job is more bother and risk than it is worth.

YOUNG apple trees can be made to grow well on sod land if fed liberally. They must be given as much manure or fertilizer as would equal the cost of cultivation if the work were hired; even then the growth would not be so rapid or even as upon cultivated land, and there would be considerably more trouble from insect and tree pests. The plan may be adopted to advantage where an owner has a good deal of surplus land which is difficult or inconvenient to cultivate.

### Trees in Streets and Elsewhere.

W. R. Smith, superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Washington, delivered an address on the above subject before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society recently. He said in part:

In Washington, where the soil is generally poor, we usually remove two or three good-sized cartloads from a hole and replace with the best top soil to be had. We do this in dry weather for obvious reasons; we stir up the bottom and avoid compacting the sides of the same. Do not plant too closely. The character of the trees selected must determine the distance apart. One important aid to success is the tree box. It is doubtful whether by shading the stem of the tree from the sun to prevent scalding, or holding the newly planted tree steady, is its most valuable service. Do not attempt to go into the woods or uncultivated ground for trees, except as a dire necessity. Every city, village or suburban town ambitious for distinction for being well planted with trees, should have a nursery of its own, where healthy trees can be reared. Get clean seedlings from some reliable source, cultivate, prune and train them in the way they should grow, in the best ground obtainable. This last suggestion is of great importance. Trees from a poor, thin, gravelly soil, or from a wet, sour, undrained one, are worthless.

I have never been in favor of spending large sums of money for moving trees; even to satisfy public demand. I have looked in vain for permanent success in this matter. It usually takes a young, healthy tree about the same time to grow up as it does a large one to die, after being removed. Much more might be said on this subject, but it is enough if I show you that it is better to observe and think before spending money on transplanting large trees.

By cutting back severely, careful watering when necessary, and cultivating with the assiduity of a good farmer towards his corn crop, we reached a phenomenal success in the early days of tree planting in Washington. Another suggestion: do not let dudsism drive from your street trees the white-washer. If he uses lime, blue or other colored clay, sulphur, lampblack, salt or other material, he will greatly improve your trees, and add to the health of the neighborhood, perhaps killing the much-dreaded microbes of diseases as well as scale insects and fungi. It will not stop horses from nibbling at the bark; woven wire must be used for that. For bad boys who injure trees, and for gas leaks it is difficult to suggest remedies. I can only say, mend the latter and try to improve the former. Arbor Day and memorial tree planting should go hand-in-hand; creating a sentiment of love and veneration for trees.

### A Simple Ice House.

ONE of the simplest new ice houses seen lately is built with two by four studs, boarded inside and out, then covered with paper, followed by another layer of boards inside and out and finally papered again on the inside, using common building paper fastened with laths at the top and along the seams. Here is the way the ice is packed: The ground is first allowed to freeze, then the ice is put in packed flat, breaking the joints. The first layer of ice covered with water to cover it solid. The following layers are cut in even sized cakes with a little dry straw packed in between the cakes. There is no sawdust between the layers but a space between the ice and the wall, four by six inches, is filled with sawdust, and six or eight inches more is put on top.

THERE is danger of going too far in adopting new varieties of apples. Despite all the talk to the contrary, it is by no means certain that any of the new kinds are better than the Baldwin for general planting in New England.

### Squashes on Muck Land.

A number of years ago I broke up a tract located just back of the horse barn. The soil is jet black, the location low, and during the winter overflowed. It is too soft at any season of the year to team over, but during the summer is sufficiently dry for tillage crops. Jim Lane (a hardy, tough Irishman, who has rested from his earthly labors now for many years), and I tapped a cess pool, which bordered on the meadow, and carried the night soil on hand barrows to each hill, manuring very liberally. As the season advanced the vines started off almost on the run, for with the nitrogen in the night soil added to the nitrogen of the rich meadow they had a mighty dose of it. The rank vines, with the ends of their runners lifted into the air, and their tips bent just under, looked for all the world like a tangle of green serpents straining to free themselves. The crop was a large one, of large Hubbard squashes, of a peculiar rich, light green color. With the exception of a few which grew along the borders of a ditch which ran through the meadow, where more or less eaten by muskrats, the crop was safely housed before the first frost. The final result was anything but satisfactory, for the quality of the squash proved to be quite inferior, were rather punky in their structure and soggy in their make up, both of which characteristics helped them on to an early and rapid decay.

The two lessons I learned from that experiment were, first, to keep squashes off of muck, unless it had first been heavily treated to sand or gritty soil, a hundred loads to the acre, to supply the silica which is wanting in all merely vegetable deposit; second, to use mineral manures, such as unleached wood-ashes and dissolved bone, rather than those strong in nitrogen on a soil that is already rich in that element.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY.

Marblehead, Mass.

### Killing Witch Grass.

This is a problem which puzzles many farmers and a method for ridding land of this troublesome plant is vouched for by one of our readers in a communication recently received.

EDITOR MASS. PLOUGHMAN:

For the benefit of the readers of the PLOUGHMAN I give you my experience in killing out witch grass.

I had an acre and a half of land that was all witch grass, and in talking the matter over with an old farmer, he advised me never to touch it, but I decided to experiment with it. I first plowed it in the fall, and the next spring planted it with corn for the silo. As soon as the corn was off I plowed it again and sowed it with winter rye, which I cut green the next spring and fed out to my cows when it had grown large enough. I then immediately plowed it again and sowed it with barley, which can be fed out green or made into hay. This I repeated the next year and found the land was entirely free from witch grass, there not being a spear of it to be seen anywhere. This was eight years ago. I have raised roots on it for four years in succession since as it was the cleanest land I had on the farm.

My experience has taught me that keeping the ground continually covered smother the witch grass.

Sowing oats and peas would have the same effect as sowing with barley. The land should be well manured and the grain sowed quite thick. It costs nothing to clear land of witch grass in this way.

Now when I find witch grass showing itself in any part of my fields, I go over it as stated above and it never fails.

ABNER J. MOODY.

Lexington, Mass.

FEED bins should be so located as to save all unnecessary steps in feeding stock. It is very convenient to have them on the floor above the feeding floor, drawing off the grain through a large spout as they need it.



WHITE WYANDOTTES.

Bred by F. W. Wells, Rochester, N. Y.

### Wood Ashes.

The quality of the ash left by plants when burned varies with a variety of circumstances. It always consists, however, of a mixture in variable proportions of carbonates, silicates, sulphates, and phosphates of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, with certain other substances present in smaller quantity, yet more or less necessary, it may be presumed to vegetable growth. Thus according to Johnston, the composition of the ash of the

	A	B	C	D
Potash	8.43	21.92	15.83	
Soda	5.05	13.72	3.88	9.97
Lime	75.45	42.80	63.23	42.15
Magnesia	4.49	7.11	11.29	13.44
Calcium Iron	0.67	0.38	0.79	3.26
Phosphoric Acid	3.46	3.23	3.07	4.49
Sulphuric Acid	1.16	1.28	1.35	3.03
Chlorine	0.01	0.14	0.71	
Silica	0.78	3.07	1.32	8.38

Percentage of ash in the dry hard wood, 0.143.

A classification of 476 analyses of hard wood ashes made by the Massachusetts Experiment Station shows an average of moisture 10.44, potash 5.37, phosphoric acid 1.57, soda —, lime 33.55, magnesia 33.1, ferric and alumina oxides 0.96, insoluble matter 14.22. It is very singular that soda is not indicated, as the above analysis by Johnston shows that it is an essential ingredient in ashes, and according to Professor Maercker will replace potash in plants.

As the New York Station points out, there are no ashes found in the market agreeing in composition with that of pure, unleached hard wood ashes so frequently advertised. By burning different varieties of air-dried hard and soft woods in a furnace on an open hearth, this station obtained hard wood ashes which contained 13 per cent of potash and two per cent of phosphoric acid, and soft wood ashes which contained 6.94 per cent of potash and 2.1 per cent of phosphoric acid. When burned at a low temperature the hard wood ashes contained 17.35 per cent of potash, and the soft wood ashes 9.61 per cent of potash. The discrepancy between the composition of these carefully prepared ashes and those usually found on the market, is due either to leaching or to accidental or intentional admixture of other substances.

Potash in wood ashes in the form of a carbonate, carbonic acid and the carbonates decompose the earthy alkaline and metallic silicates of soils. Murates and sulphates exercise a reverse physical effect on the soils, and murates check the formation of sugar and starch in the plant. The base of all salts across the same in agriculture. Peculiarity of action depends on the acid of the salts.

In the Experiment Station Record, Vol. 9, No. 3, Page 207, Prof. M. Maercker, P. H. D., director of the Experiment Station at Halle, Germany, says: "Furthermore according to recent investigations by Hellriegel and Willfarth, we must assume that a certain replacement of potash by soda may take place in plants. This may be of extensive practical interest, since the crude Stas-furt potash salts containing soda would be more economical to use than the pure potash salts."

Prof. Norton in his Elements Scientific Agriculture, 17th page, in reference to potash and soda, says: "In fact the two are much alike in many of their properties, and also in the purposes which they seem to serve in plants."

Thus it appears, "that a certain replacement of potash by soda may take place in plants," and that in consequence thereof the soda in the crude Stas-furt potash salts, containing soda, has a value; this being admitted, the same reason applies to the soda in wood ashes as well as in nitrate of soda, and make it the cheapest source of nitrogen to be had. "The replacement of potash by soda in the plant," also brings into manual use carbonate of soda, a much better form than a muriate, and as carbonate of soda is so much lower in price than the carbonate, or even the muriate of potash, it will rapidly lead to its increased use in agriculture as a manual agent in place of the Stas-furt potash salts.

ANDREW H. WARD.

### Pruning Grape Vines.

The trouble with an unpruned vine is that it bears too much fruit, and this means poor quality. Let us take a thrifty Concord vine to illustrate this matter. At the end of the season such a vine, in good soil, kept well tilled, should have somewhere near to 300 fruit buds on the new growth of the past season. Now, a good Concord vine should bear about twenty pounds of first-class fruit each season; if it does this steadily year after year no more should be expected. To bear that amount of fruit, not more than fifty buds are required. But as we have seen, our vine has about six times that number, hence many in excess of the need. Leave the vine untrimmed and the 300 buds will overbear and the yield will be very inferior. Prune to reduce the number of buds to fifty and a good crop of fruit may be expected. That is the simple proposition needed for guiding your pruning knife. Cut away, therefore, enough of the young canes to bring the buds down to the right number. A good rule with Concord is to remove all the canes but five and cut these back to nine or ten buds each. The Delaware class should have even less. Prune and tie up so as to have a good distribution over the trellis. The pruning should not be deferred beyond this month if it can be helped. All things considered, fall is perhaps even a better time for grape pruning.—Vick's Magazine.

MANY a farmer who has more spare time than money during the winter season might possibly study into the possibilities of farming all winter by means of forcing houses.

If plants are in a vigorous condition cuttings may be made for propagation. Start them in boxes partly filled with moist earth and cover the top with a pane of glass to prevent from wilting.

### THE PLOUGHMAN

#### Farmers' Meeting

Was held in Wesleyan Hall, 36

Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Feb. 26, 1898, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Essay by Hon. Benj. P. Ware of

Clifton, Mass. Subject: Taxation.

—

The PLOUGHMAN Farmer's Meeting at

Wesleyan Hall Saturday morning last,

had for its subject Taxation, one which

is causing much discussion all over the

state on account of the bill now before

the legislature. Hon. O. B. Hadwen

of Worcester, presided, and pleasantly

introduced the speaker, Hon. Benj. P.

Ware of Clifton, Mass., who gave the

following clear and comprehensive ad-

dress:

#### ADDRESS.

The subject of taxation affects more vitally the property of the public and individuals than any other. It has proved more difficult to settle satisfactorily to the diverse interests of the community than any other; hence it must necessarily require more space and time than is now possible to present the subject in full. I can only touch upon some general principles of taxation and facts as they exist now.

The governor in his last message to the legislature, gave a very clear description of what the system of taxation should be, as follows:

"The constitution gives power to the general court to impose proportional and reasonable taxes. This fundamental principle should be maintained.

Rich and poor alike should bear their proportion of the public burdens.

There should be no discrimination against the householder and the man of business.

The spirit of the legislation of Massachusetts is to accord equal rights and privileges and to impose equal burdens upon all."

Another has said that taxes should lie upon all like the atmosphere. That this condition does not exist is apparent from the fact that annually, for many years, there has come to the legislature numerous petitions from the people of all classes, praying for such legislation as the governor describes; that will relieve the sufferings from unequal and therefore unjust taxation, all going to show that there is a feeling of unrest, of dissatisfaction, of a lack of protection, that the people feel that they have a right to expect from a good government. This feeling would be allayed if a system of taxation should be established that would lie like the atmosphere upon all alike. What do we find, instead of that, are the facts?

#### THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

In 1896 the total amount of property, both real and personal, assessed for taxation was \$2,622,220,278, of which was real \$2,040,200,644; of which was personal \$582,019,634; in proportion of about one to four. Of the personal, tangible, \$295,519,549; of the personal, intangible, \$286,500,085 that were taxed.

Jonathan A. Lane, whom you all know to be an expert on taxation, said before the legislative committee on taxation in 1890, that the value of personal property was twice as much as the real, and that not more than one-sixth of it was assessed. Other experts have arrived at about the same conclusion.

Now if Mr. Lane's estimate is correct that the personal property is twice as much as the real, the personal in Massachusetts would be \$4,030,401,288; the amount of intangible assessed was \$249,313,372, only one-sixteenth part of it. It is admitted by all that it is impossible to ascertain the correct amount of intangible personal property owned in the state, and the only way to approximate it is to examine the probate returns and make an average from them. The relative amounts in these for twenty-five years in Essex County, ending in 1877, were of real \$10,017,258, of personal \$31,022,066, representing three and four-tenths times as much, nearly twice as great as Mr. Lane's estimate.

#### THE TAXATION LAW OF 1881.

Gentlemen will please bear in mind, that the principle of just and equal taxation, established by our forefathers which proved to be easy to carry out and without hardship to any one, was to tax everyone according to his ability to pay. It was not property but persons that were taxed; the ownership of property was simply the measure of the taxpayers' ability to pay. Now the greatest blow that has as yet been given to that principle, was perpetrated by the law enacted in 1881, which exempted all mortgages from paying the tax on their mortgage notes, on the specious cry of double taxation; previous to that time the farmer should have paid the tax on so much of his mortgaged farm as his equity was worth, and the mortgagee on the amount of his note; this would have been equal and just; but instead, the farmer was taxed for the full value of his farm, and the mortgagee the amount of his note. This led to the claim that it was double taxation, ignoring the true principle of taxation, that men should pay, according to their ability; inasmuch as the holder of the note was the real owner of the property, the law exempted the wrong man. The farmer, instead of the owner of the note should have been exempted. The argument, that notes are not property, only the evidence of property, and therefore should not be taxed, is too futile to be worthy of notice. Men who made a careful study of the effect of that law, estimated the amount of mortgage notes exempted to the owners was four hundred and

eighty millions, and the amount of taxes saved to the holders of the mortgage notes was \$2,504,000, which if capitalized at 4 per cent, would really be a present to them of an amount equal to the whole city of Worcester, then valued at \$64,500,000. This amount of taxes others had to pay by an increased rate of \$1.15 per thousand per annum. By it a single individual's tax was reduced from \$16,442 to \$833.

I was present at the hearing before the legislative committee on taxation, when William Minot, Jr., said that if that law was passed he who represented millions of trust mortgage property, would willingly reduce the rate of interest one per cent, and this appeared to carry conviction to the committee who reported the bill. I will simply add that although there was some reduction in interest on all notes beginning in 1880 for several years, yet abundance of statistics show that the reduction on mortgage notes was no greater than on other securities. The inexorable law of supply and demand ruled here as elsewhere. The farmer and laboring man who has secured a home by mortgage, still pay six per cent on their mortgages and the man who really owns the property pays no tax for it.

#### TAX DOINGING.

The amount of intangible personal property that escapes, and the methods practiced to rob others who do pay not only their own just taxes but that vast amount that escapes, is surprising and exasperating. This is accomplished by bribery, perjury, and by sneaking away from a real domicile to a temporary one. For instance, a Boston man died a few years ago and it was found by the probate returns that he had escaped legal taxes, that were equal in amount to that of the average of 13,000 men. Of course they had to pay double the amount thereby. A man moved into a town in Plymouth County and the assessors that he was willing to pay a tax of \$30, which was accepted, and it was found at his death that he should have paid \$3000 per annum. Another domiciled in a neighboring town by his representation, the assessors refrained from assessing even a poll tax, fearing he might become a pauper, was found at his death to be possessed of \$800,000 invested in first class securities. Still another who protested against his assessment on a valuation of \$10,000 was found at his death to be possessed of three-fourths of a million of personal property. The case of Jay Gould is frequently quoted as paying a tax on \$50,000 if at two per cent was \$1000; if taxed as others were he should have been taxed \$1,000,000. Many great fortunes consist largely of plunder from the public treasury, secured by tax evasion.

#### HOW THE LAW WORKS.

No one will question that the ownership of a home however humble, will do more to secure the owner to the public as a good citizen than any other influence. Hence the laboring man and the middle classes should be encouraged in every effort they make to that end; but they are handicapped from the start by unequal and unjust taxation. As an illustration: I will suppose an honest, laboring man has saved from his hard earnings \$200 with which he buys a lot of land sufficient for a small house and a garden for vegetables. He builds a house costing \$1000 which he hires on a mortgage on his home and land, at 6 per cent interest the best he can do. The tidy home which he has provided for his family of a wife and five children, attracts the attention of the assessors, who, on seeing the improved condition of the locality by the building of this and other homes nearby put the valuation at \$1500. Putting in public water, sewerage, electric light plant, new town house, new streets, etc., have made it necessary to increase the valuation as much as possible in order to keep the rate of taxes within bounds, which has already reached \$20 on a \$1000.

The rich man who loaned the \$1000 to build the house has no tangible, visible property. He has a family of a wife and children who board with a poor widow who still lives in a house left by her husband, heavily mortgaged to this same man who has money to let, or invest where he thinks he can get the most out of it. He had long before invested largely in Calumet & Hecla mining stock bought at 50 cents per share which now pays 12 per cent dividend on \$800 per share, its present market value and he has other stocks of similar character, yet this same man and others like him are now pleading before the present legislative committee on taxation for a law that shall exempt their mining stock from tax assessment on the same old specious cry of double taxation that exempted their mortgage notes. I will speak of this later. At present, I desire to call your attention to this man's social relations. His five children are attending the public schools, the oldest about to graduate from high school. The schools in this town are first-class which the poor laboring man's and other tax-payers maintain. He drives over the highway which is usually in good condition. Unfortunately the heavy rain of the night before gullied on slightly. His horse fell, broke the shaft, threw him out, sprained his shoulder slightly; he lie down for a few days and promptly sues the town for \$5000 damage to be tried in the court. For the cost of maintaining the highway or the court he has not paid one cent but the poor man's tax has been appropriated to meet the cost. His wife attends a free lecture given in the beautiful town hall under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. In returning home under the shadow of the electric light she is accosted by a footpad. She screams in fright; a policeman comes promptly to her protection, but unfortunately in starting to run she trips her toe on a brick in the sidewalk above the level; she falls and sprains her knee, not seriously, but sufficient for a claim for damages. Now what I wish to show is that

(Continued on Second Page.)



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# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1898.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

## MASS. PLOUGHMAN FARMERS' MEETING

Saturday, March 12, 1898, 10 A. M.

Essay by DR. G. M. TWITCHELL, of Augusta, Me. Subject, "The Future of our Breeds. What Constitutes Merit?"

The next MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN Farmers' Meeting will be held at Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield St., Saturday morning, March 12, 1898, beginning at ten o'clock. Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell of Augusta, Me., will speak on "The Future of our Breeds. What Constitutes Merit?" This subject will be interesting to every cattle owner and breeder in New England, and Dr. Twitchell, through his wide research and observation, is eminently fitted to speak upon it. Each one of the different breeds has its own advocates, who claim for it qualities superior to those of other breeds, and the question of just what constitutes merit is one that is causing considerable discussion. The educational value of the fine cattle exhibits at our agricultural fairs will be supplemented by the meeting on March 12, when Dr. Twitchell will consider the subject of merit thoroughly and, in addition, many breeders and cattle owners will be present and take part in the discussion. THE PLOUGHMAN invites every one interested in the subject to be present and all are assured of a cordial welcome.

KEEPING it is better than hustling by spasms.

A MAN who has found a place in the world in which he is fairly comfortable ought to have sense enough to stay there.

In states where the legislatures meet only once in two years, the farmers are sure at least of every other winter free from attacks upon their rights, by the maneuvering money powers and class legislation.

In most legislatures there is a certain class of members who take delight in making a joke of agricultural bills because they fail to realize their importance and do not take the trouble to understand them. The case in point is the recent bill in the Massachusetts legislature to secure clean milk cans, a bill which some of the would-be funny men from the cities nearly laughed out of court by ill-timed jokes. Such a course of action, however, was frowned upon by the friends of the farmers, and the bill was retained. Poor jokes are sometimes harder to beat than good arguments.

The Massachusetts Gypsy moth committee is fortunate this year in getting a good-sized preliminary appropriation, which enables it to put its force of men at work early. The \$20,000 will probably tide over the period until the full appropriation shall have been secured. According to the report of the government expert who has been investigating the gypsy moth campaign, the work has been well conducted and definite progress made. He expresses the opinion, however, that appropriations will have to be made for some years to come before the pest is exterminated, but he declares that extermination is possible. In any case, Massachusetts has fought the moth long enough and government ought to help.

MR. CLEMENT and his peach yellows' bill have met with their usual hard luck, and for the third time the measure fails, having been reported upon adversely by the Massachusetts joint legislative committee upon agriculture. The advocates of the bill made a good fight but their weak points are failure to prove to the satisfaction of all the contagious nature of yellows; and also the fact that they represent only a small proportion of peach growers, while the opposition had experts like Professor Maynard, who declared that the disease was probably not contagious, and the opponents included a large number of growers who were violently opposed to the measure. Mr. Clement declares that he is not discouraged and will try another year. If he does, there is no reason to suppose that the opposition will be any less strong than it was this year. Apparently the only evidence that will interest the majority of growers will be the direct personal testimony of some eminent, but disinterested authority that the disease is contagious, also the testimony of a number of practical growers to the same effect. Until the scientific men are all convinced of the theory and the majority of growers and the public feel the need of state intervention more than they do at present, the chances of the yellows bill will remain slight.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the Country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hood's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Although all sorts of reports have been published in regard to the results of the investigation now being carried on by the naval court of inquiry as to the cause of the Maine disaster, yet so far nothing official has been given out, and it is probable that it will be some time yet before definite news will be had. The court has removed to Key West in order to take the testimony of some of the survivors there, but will return to Havana later in order to obtain further testimony of divers still at work on the vessel. The foul waters and muddy bottom of the harbor have much increased the difficulties in the way of a thorough examination of the wreck, and the nature of the wreck itself has made the duty of the divers a dangerous one. In the midst of the conflicting reports, it is difficult to sift the true from the false, but every day shows that the honor of the nation is in safe and wise hands.

The sudden death of Wm. M. Singler, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Record, coming so soon after his financial troubles, which doubtless hastened it, has awakened a wide spread sympathy and regret. He was foremost in every good movement in his city and state, and the influence which he exerted through the columns of the Record was always a wholesome one. He had, substantially, the sympathy of the public in the financial difficulties of the two banking institutions of which he was head, and everything in his power was done by him to make good the losses caused by their suspension. In seeking relaxation from the cares of business, Mr. Singler had for many years taken a keen interest in farming and stock raising. His herds of Holstein cattle at his large farm at Wynedd, in Montgomery County, were famous for years, and he was also owner of the Elkton Stock Farm, near Elkton, Cecil County, Md.

The perils of the sea have been well illustrated lately in the news of the day. The wreck of the Asia, lost on the shoals of Nantucket, the gallant rescue of the passengers of the Veendam by the American liner St. Louis, the anxiety and distress suffered by those on board the French steamer Champagne and the fearful experience of the Legislature, all show the possibilities before those who go down to the sea in ships. The Champagne disabled by a broken shaft, drifted for five days on the Newfoundland Banks, with no reply to her many signals of distress. A lifeboat was manned and sent out to find assistance and after six days' exposure, they were picked up, nearly dead with exhaustion, by the Rotterdam.

Meanwhile, the Champagne, had broken from its anchorage in a severe storm, and drifting for five days, was discovered by the Warren liner, Roman, bound for Boston, and towed safely into Halifax harbor. The experience of those on board the Legislature, although fewer in numbers, was made terrible by fire. The Legislature left Liverpool for Colon with a cargo including a large quantity of coal, chemicals, including vitriol, and merchandise. When about ten days out, there was a terrible explosion on board the steamer, caused, it was supposed, by spontaneous combustion among the chemicals. Three men lost their lives by the explosion, and those who were left were obliged to fight for their lives against the fire, the only means available being hand hose and buckets. The only way in which life could be retained at all on the vessel's decks was by keeping her stern to the wind. Three more lost their lives by drowning before the rescuing steamer, the Flowergate, appeared and succeeded in taking the survivors from their perilous position, after three days of almost constant struggle for life.

A VIGOROUS movement is being made to consolidate the milk producing interests which supply New York, in order to counteract the great strength of the trust which has been formed among the contractors and dealers in that city. Unless the farmers are able to effect a closer combination than they have ever done before, it will be likely to fare hard when the trust gets fairly into operation. It is a monopoly which will doubtless work both ways, robbing the consumers by high prices and grinding the farmers down to the lowest possible prices for which the milk can be obtained. In the Boston milk producing districts, the outlook is somewhat more promising since the rejuvenation of the Milk Producers' Union. Secretary Bowker is working like a Trojan, arguing with the milk contractors, organizing the farmers and raising money. He hopes to be able to obtain a more favorable arrangement for the surplus to effectively prevent any further extension of the milk collecting area and to stop various sharp practices of the contractors. Whether or not the union succeeds in accomplishing everything it requires, producers may feel assured that their interests are in faithful and energetic hands.

JUDGING from the talk of some farmers they would welcome war on the ground that the increased demand for provisions and the possible inflation of currency would increase the value of their farm and products. Such was the result of the Civil War and the same condition might be brought about in a lesser degree through war with Spain. In this case, however, the war, instead of being carried on in the South, might be waged along our coast and the damage inflicted upon northern coast cities and result in injury to the whole section. Moreover, the benefit of a war is only apparent; the enormous debts contracted during the war must be paid in the years which follow, and the short period of inflation is followed by a much longer period of recuperation. Hence, from a financial point of view, war, even if successful, is by no means to be desired.

It is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# THOUSANDS ARE LIKE HIM.

## Prominent Member of the Legislature Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Representative Crouch Made a Well Man by Using Dr. Greene's Nervura. Editor J. C. Gere Gives the Result of His Investigation of This Remarkable Cure in the Daily Gazette. Spring is the Time to Be Cured.



HON. CHAR. S. CROUCH, REPRESENTATIVE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The editorial columns of the Northampton (Mass.) Daily Gazette give the particulars of the remarkable cure by Dr. Greene's blood and nerve remedy, of Hon. Charles S. Crouch, Northampton's oldest and best known statesman and Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Editor J. C. Gere, of this leading newspaper, personally investigated the facts of this wonderful cure, and his widely-read editorial states the details of the cure exactly as they occurred, giving Hon. Mr. Crouch's own words.

Following is the editorial in full: Learning that a great cure had been effected in the case of Representative Chas. S. Crouch, of Northampton, Mass., by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, a reporter took occasion to call on Mr. Crouch and talk with him about it, and among the thousands of testimonials given to this world-renowned medicine, none will be more widely read or give greater weight than this one coming from so noted a man as Representative Crouch.

Hon. Mr. Crouch said: "Last spring I did not feel in my usual health; felt as tired in the morning as when I retired; had no energy nor ambition to go about a day's work; no appetite with which to regain strength and energy. In this condition I worked along from week to week, thinking that after a while matters would right themselves and I would feel like myself again. But to the contrary, I grew worse.

"Knowing that Dr. Greene's Nervura was not a patent medicine, but a medicine put up from a prescription discovered by the doctor in his private practice, I resolved to try it. The first bottle helped me so much that I purchased another one, and even a third bottle.

## Washington News.

Special Agent Hansen of the Department of Agriculture, has just returned from a protracted tour of the Orient, where he has been gathering valuable information and rare specimens. Agent Hansen is an expert on species and varieties, and the practical scientists of the Department believe that he has brought to this country new seeds and plants which will develop into great value to our agriculturists. His investigations have included western Siberia and China, Persia and Turkestan, where people have lived for thousands of years, and where the same species of plants have been grown for thousands of years. The Department is looking with special interest upon a species of alfalfa, really a sub species of the alfalfa grown in western United States. It will be known as Turkestan alfalfa. This plant seems capable of standing any amount of drought, and its roots extend to an immense depth. Our own alfalfa, planted alongside of it in the country where it is native, has shriveled and dried up in the hot sun, while the Turkestan variety has flourished green and vigorous. If this new plant should prove as good a forage crop for our semi-arid region as appearances would seem to indicate it will, the Department will have accomplished a good work in giving it to the country. Mr. Hansen has in addition to this, brought back with him a host of other plants and seeds; numbering in the vicinity of a hundred new plants and varieties of seeds for trial in this country. They constitute three cartloads. Secretary Wilson says the greatest care will be taken in distributing them. They will be sent to the Government Experiment Stations, of course, and also to those practical farmers and experimenters who are known to possess facilities for experimentation and are willing and have the time and money to make trials and send full reports to the Department. At the end of the first year's work a very general idea will be arrived at as to what of the species and varieties tried, are worthy of further test. Great numbers of the new varieties, upon their first trial will, of course, develop the fact that they are unsuitable to any section of this country, or at least not as good as similar crops which we now have and will therefore be rejected as useless, but record will be made of this fact to save the labor and expense of future experiments either by the Government or private individuals. In other cases, further and more exhaustive trials will be conducted with a view to finally placing before the American farmer new forage and other crops which they can alternate with those now grown, thus adding variety and profit to their investment. "These seeds," said Secretary Wilson, "in connection with two cartloads of choice German beet seeds, make five cartloads imported by the Department, of rare foreign seeds and plants. I think we shall have some results from them. Many of them were started on their long journey upon camels' backs, thence coming by the Trans-Caspian route and finally reaching the seaboard for transportation to the United States, where they will be distributed among sections approaching in climate their native haunts."

## Much in Little

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of this city, who travel in Germany, relate as their personal experience the expressions they have heard in various parts of the Empire as to the growing favor with which the American apple is being received; its fine appearance and equally fine flavor. The Germans are particularly impressed with the excellent keeping qualities of American winter apples. On the beet sugar question, the most intelligent Germans and newspapers recognize that, with the establishment of the beet sugar industry in the United States, a large part of their trade with us will be gone, but many of them are at least beginning to appreciate that we are too good customers in other lines for them to seriously offend, and they deprecate the action of their government in attempts to exclude American pork and American fruit.

State Department officials say that the United States consul at Geneva, Switzerland, sends word that a new compound is proving a complete remedy for phylloxera, the insect which attacks the roots of the grape under ground and kills the vine. It is stated that the remedy, which is known as phylloxerol, has been successfully tried for two years, and has greatly encouraged grape growers, who no longer uproot and burn whole vineyards but now resort to this easy and efficacious remedy.

Considerable numbers of experiments are to be tried this year in spraying the buds of peach, apricot and plum with whitewash in order to retard their early swelling and blossoming, and consequent liability to get nipped by late frosts. The results will be watched with interest by growers of peaches, apricots, cherry, Japanese and other plums, as almost complete immunity from spring frosts is claimed through this comparatively simple and inexpensive preventative.

The following table from figures in the Cincinnati Price Current, of February 24, 1898, shows an interesting and pleasing condition in prices of farm products:

	Price one year ago.	Present price.
May pork (Chicago).....	\$7.55	\$11.20
May lard (Chicago).....	4.06	5.30
May sides (Chicago).....	4.07 1/2	5.32 1/2
May wheat (Chicago).....	75 1/2	1.02
May corn (Chicago).....	24 1/2	30 1/2

GUY E. MITCHELL.

## An Authority on the Gypsy Moth.

Entomologist Howard, of the Department of Agriculture, speaks with no uncertain sound in regard to the gypsy moth extermination struggle which is being waged in this state, and which he has thoroughly investigated. He congratulates the State of Massachusetts, in his report on the measure in which this work has been conducted, and says that it can safely be said that there has been no waste in the expenditure of the state appropriations, the work having been admirably directed.

He continues: "The organization of the corps of workers, the selection of the men, the systems, not only of supervision, but of general organization, down to the simplest details and the economical expenditure of the funds, all seem as nearly perfect as can be desired.

"It is true that a large amount of money has been expended, and it is also true that much more money must be expended before extermination can be accomplished; but it is undoubtedly safe to say that the money which has been and will be spent by the state in this work is but as a drop in the bucket to the loss which would have been occasioned by the insect had it been allowed to spread unchecked. At the present time there can be little doubt that the extermination of the insect is possible and that it will be only a question of a few years, if adequate state appropriations are continued. The writer believes that the condition of the entire infested territory at the present day is such that with the prompt appropriation of the amount asked for by the committee at the beginning of the coming session of the legislature the work which will be carried on during 1898 will be of so effective a character that even those who most gravely doubt the policy of the state efforts will be convinced of the efficacy of the work. A continuation of the appropriations for a few more years is unquestionably a necessity. Were the appropriation to lapse a single year, the work which has been done during the past six years would largely be lost. The \$775,000 already appropriated would have been spent in vain."

## The Massachusetts Fruit Growers' Association.

Although only three years old, this association has quickly found an important place for itself in the agricultural interests of this state and has increased its membership from 68 to 100. It has been fortunate in its officers, in its programs for the annual and field meetings and in the general good feeling and hearty cooperation within its membership.

Its fourth annual meeting will take place at Worcester, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, March 9 and 10, and an excellent program has been prepared. In addition to the regular business of the session, an address will be given on Wednesday morning by St. D. Willard of Geneva, N. Y., on "The Plum, Cultivating and Marketing," followed by discussion. Thursday morning, Chas. W. Cushing of Fitchburg will speak on "Marketing the Apple Crop" and in the afternoon, Prof. John W. Clark of No. Hadley on "The Outlook for Profitable Fruit Growing in Massachusetts."

An especially interesting feature of this annual meeting is the lengthy "question list," which covers many of the difficulties which meet the fruit grower in

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his chosen occupation, and their discussion will doubtless bring out much valuable information.

No fruit grower can afford to miss this meeting, and if not a member should become so at once. The president of the society is George Cruikshanks of Fitchburg, Mass., and the secretary Prof. S. T. Maynard of Amherst.

## The World Over.

—Mexico has women bull fighters.  
—Finland has women paperhangers.  
—Londoners are buying French milk.  
—Ireland has 5338 woolen operatives.  
—Scotland exports potatoes to America.  
—Russia is said to have taken possession of Chinese territory in Manchuria.  
—An Anglo-American syndicate has secured valuable concessions in Venezuela.  
—The cost of maintaining a cavalry soldier and horse in the British army is about \$500 per annum.  
—An apparatus has been invented in Poland by which natural colors may be seen at a distance.  
—The British House of Commons has asked for 21,700 more soldiers, a very large increase in time of peace.

—The Russian photographers, to punish those who, having received their pictures, do not pay their bills, hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance to their studio.  
—The working of iron is the most advanced art in Central Africa. The ore is mined, smelted and fashioned by the natives with great skill.

—The Toronto City Council has resolved that no alien, and particularly no citizen of the United States, shall hereafter be employed on civic work in that city.  
—The total number of locomotives built in the United States in 1897, says the Manufacturers' Gazette, is placed at 1251, of which 386, almost 33 per cent, were for export.

—In ten years the receipts of barley at Buffalo have increased from less than 100,000 to nearly 17,000,000 bushels per annum. This makes Buffalo the centre of the barley trade in the East.

—The cod fisheries of Newfoundland have been followed for nearly 400 years. They greatly exceed those of any other country in the world. The average export of cod is about 1,350,000 hundred-weight per annum.

—Africa's monkeys are giving out. In the neighborhood of the Gold Coast they have been exterminated, and last year the colony could collect only 67,000 monkey skins, whereas, in 1894, 168,405 skins, valued at \$205,000, were exported.

—Great Britain and her colonies, which have hitherto had almost a monopoly of the Persian markets for shirtings and sheetings, are being left behind by Russia, whose shipments into Persia are gaining as steadily as the British manufacturers are losing.

—The Department of Agriculture has prepared a statement of the imports and exports of agricultural products during each of the fiscal years since 1893. Comparison is made between the total imports and exports of merchandise and those of products of the soil. It is shown that of the importations an average of 51.45 per cent was agricultural and of the exportations an average of 70.19 per cent was agricultural. The excess of agricultural exports over agricultural imports averaged \$225,266,360 per annum. The total average exportations amounted to \$616,074,947. During the last five years the importations of agricultural products were largest in 1893 and next largest in 1897. The exportations were largest in 1897, amounting to \$689,755,193, or about \$76,000,000 in excess of the average for the five years. The increase in value of exportations last year was due chiefly to breadstuffs.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## A QUESTIONER.

A little child to-day sits on my knee,  
And questions me of many things that be.  
A question and its answer make for him  
A something definite of what was dim.

This little child, long slipped from off my knee,  
In life's tomorrow, feeling things that be—  
He was too much overcome to scold him  
Because of how, to-day, I answer him?

This little child here sitting on my knee  
Is greatest and most real of things that be;  
My faith in truth and goodness is not dim—  
I'll give my best and trust unto him.

—Juliana Stafford

## RICHARD, THE COWBOY.

"May I go to the round-up, Papa? O, let me go. Manuel says it is to-morrow," shouted Richard, as he came flying into the house, his sombrero pushed on the back of his head, with wide leather belt around his waist, boots and spurs, a typical little cowboy.

"You said I could go next time the round-up was at Huachuca (wa chu ca); those Mexican steers are such dandy fellows to 'lass'."

"That is why I am afraid to let you go," answered his father; "if you would only throw your reata (rope) after a calf there would be no danger, but you would be thrown or dragged if you should 'lass' one of those wild steers."

"I thrown! I, on Chiquito! He is an old cow pony; he would get out of the way. O, let me go to-morrow," begged the boy, putting his arms around his father's neck.

Hesitatingly, his father said, "yes." "You will have to be up by daylight. Put a blanket on behind your saddle; we will not be back for three days, but promise me that you will be careful, and keep away from the large cattle."

Off dashed Richard, not waiting to promise, shouting to the vaquero, "Manuel! Manuel! I can go."

The Mexican, who had been listening at the door, greeted the boy with a glad smile. He was proud of him. He it was who had taught him to ride, made his reata, beginning when he was only four to teach him how to throw it, and now when eleven, Richard could not only throw it over the head, but also around the foot, a difficult thing to do, of a running animal. It was Manuel's joy to take him to a round-up and hear the exclamations when the boy would "heel" a calf.

At daylight Mr. Kitt called the boy. Before he had reached the kitchen, Richard was by his side, dressed, boots, spurs, and all, ready to start.

"What! dressed already?" asked his father. "You were asleep when I called you."

"Of course I was," laughed the boy. "I dressed before I went to sleep, as the Mexicans say;—cup of coffee, may pronto," (very quick) this to the cook.

Breakfast over, the first in the saddle was our little cowboy. All were soon galloping over the hills to the place of meeting.

Richard's father took hold of Chiquito's bridle. "Now, my boy," said he, "remember, don't you try to 'lass' big cattle. Manuel, keep by this boy. I put him in your charge."

The ranchmen had all brought their vaqueros, cooks and branders, so that there was a goodly number of men. Richard was the only boy.

Each rancher greeted him on riding up. "How many times will you be thrown today, tenderfoot?" laughingly asked one.

"Have you been tied to your saddle?" asked another one, who lived miles away.

"Tied on!" answered the first, "why man, you don't know that boy! He is our Buffalo Bill. Keep your eye on him today, you will see some riding; take care of the wild steers, Richard," he shouted as he rode off.

The men were sent in different directions, Richard going with Manuel. He was hard driving the cattle. They were wild, easily frightened, the cows bellowing and rushing about when their calves were caught and thrown down to be branded. A steer required more than one man to throw and hold when he was to have a new brand put on.

Richard soon had his reata around the neck of a calf. "Give him a low lap, boys; the cow has one, it is mine."

This brand is the skin of the neck cut in a strip about two inches wide and six inches long, letting it hang down.

This being done, they started again. Hearing a sound of running, Richard turned and saw coming along a frightened steer, with the broken end of a reata hanging from its neck.

After it the boy went, his lasso circling around his head. Catching up with it, his reata went whizzing through the air, heeling the steer by its hind leg.

Richard soon saw that he had his hands full. The animal feeling its leg pulled into the air, tried to run, but the tanned cow-pony stiffened its forelegs, letting its hanches almost rest on the ground to hold it fast. The steer finding this would not do, then turned and made for the pony. On it came, tail in the air, head lowered to do its deadly work. Here is one of the great dangers to the cowboy.

Richard and pony saw this at once. Turning about he got behind the now maddened steer, keeping his reata taut. In a moment the animal wheeled and again made for the boy.

Equally quick was Chiquito, dashing to one side. The animal then started in an opposite direction, trying, by pulling to break the reata, as he had broken the one hanging from his neck.

Though our little cowboy did not know it, his greatest peril was now. The reata being fastened to the tree of the saddle the pull was sudden and powerful.

The reata, the pride of both Richard and Manuel, who had made it, did not break, but the saddle, not being cinched (tightened) for such a strain, began to turn.

At this moment, Mr. Kitt, whose broken reata was around the neck of the steer, reached the top of the hill. He saw Richard's danger. Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed on, calling to his vaqueros: "Lass! O boys! After it, Manuel! Hold on, Richard!" For a moment the boy went with the

saddle, then kicking his foot free, he threw his arms about the neck of Chiquito, and kept on its back. The pony not being prepared for the turning was almost thrown on its side, when away through the air went the 'lass' of Manuel, landing around the neck of Mr. Steer, soon beginning to choke it. Another and yet another whizzed by, holding the furious brute fast.

Mr. Kitt soon had his boy in his arms. He was too much overcome to scold him for his disobedience, Richard clinging tightly to his father's neck.

"I did not mean to be naughty, Papa. I threw my 'lass' before I thought. Don't send me home," he begged.

"Cut a dewlap in that steer," the boy has earned it, it is his," called in a loud voice, the owner.

Richard looked up and saw the man who had laughed, and asked him if he was tied to his saddle, in the morning.

And thus ended the little rider's rough experience at the round-up.—Central Christian Advocate.

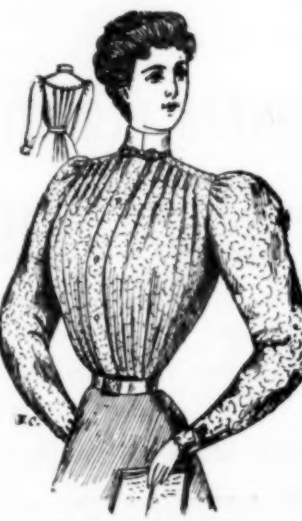
## THE HOME CORNER.

## FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangement with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN CO., we are able to supply our readers with the Bazar Glove-Fitting Pattern at very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

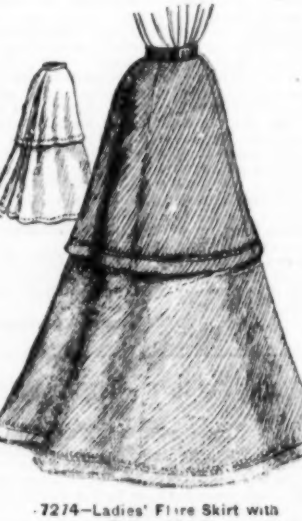
MASS. PLOUGHMAN COUPON.  
Cut this out, fill in your name, address, number and size of pattern desired, and mail it to—  
THE HOME CORNER, MASS. PLOUGHMAN,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Name.....  
Address.....  
No. of Pattern.....  
Size.....  
Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.



7306—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

The essential features of the shirt waist shown are the round yoke and box-plaited back. The former extends well over the shoulders to the front, where it meets the full fronts, which are arranged in small plaits which extend from the centre-front to the arm's-eyes, the fulness being drawn at the waist line. The body portion of the back is laid in three box-plaits of equal width, which are drawn together at the waist to give a tapering effect. At the front is a box-plait in the centre of which the button-holes are worked, which, together with buttons sewed to the left-front, effect the closing. The sleeves, which are in regulation shirt style, are small, and are finished with straight cuffs. At the neck is a standing collar of white, but one of the material can be substituted. As illustrated, the material is figured percale, worn with a white silk belt. To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of thirty-six inch material. The pattern, No. 7306, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. With coupon, 10 cents.



7274—Ladies' Flare Skirt with Breath Yoke.

One of the newest models is here exemplified in purple-red vicuña cloth trimmed with bias bands of velvet in a darker shade. The upper portion of the skirt or deep yoke is shaped with a front gore and circular side gores that fit closely to the figure across the front and hips, the fulness at the back being laid in two backward turning and closely overlapping side plaits that meet at the centre back seam, where the placket opening finishes. The lower portion of the skirt consists of a deep flounce that is circular in shaping and attached to the upper portion by a row of machine stitching, concealed by the lower band of velvet. Each portion of the skirt is lined throughout, the upper portion with percale, and the lower with silk. Flat braid in various widths, ribbon, velvet, or bias bands of the material may be employed as decoration, or several rows of machine stitching is an appropriate finish in tailor style. Finely woven textures are commended for

skirts of this description, including cloth, serge, tweed, chevrot, etc. To make this skirt in the medium size it will require 4 5-8 yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7274, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure. With coupon, 10 cents.

Shirt waists, as a rule, are not becoming to stout women, but this season such are left out of the calculation. Many of the new waists are bayadere, ribbed cottons, running round and round, tucks large and small and pin stripes are all horizontal on the choicest ones shown, says an exchange.

The majority of the waists of the back are made straight across the shoulders, some of them extending an inch and a half in front of the shoulder seam. This is a change from the two-pointed effect of last year, but it is not nearly as pretty. Neither is it becoming, as it gives a much squarer look to the figure.

The flimsy lawns and mulls are conspicuous by their absence, Dame Fashion declaring they will not be in good form this summer. Perhaps, though, when the very warm weather comes the very thin ones will be used in spite of this dictum.

The sleeves are rather larger than the rapid reduction in the size of the dress waist sleeve would lead one to suppose. There is no drooping fulness, but they are gathered at the top with enough material to keep them standing out there. They do not touch the arm, but are shaped so that there is only a small cluster of gathers on each side of the placket at the bottom, the space between them being perfectly plain.

The upper edge of the cuffs is straight and a little tab on the lower part provides for the link button. White cuffs are no longer common at all.

The fronts pouch imperceptibly, rather a little long from neck to waist than a regular blouse effect.

No turned-over collars will be worn. The most popular for these collars will be a narrow bow, but the Ascot in both chevrot and silk, fastened with a pearl pin, will be much in vogue also.

Pin stripes in green and white, green and lilac, watermelon and bluish pink, pale and deep blue and many smart effects in white and corn are the colors most seen.

The tucks on the fronts are both wide and narrow, usually about a half or quarter of an inch apart. Some have four or five made like box-plaits for a front. A very elaborate one has narrow tucks from wrist to shoulder of the sleeve and from the neck to within a few inches of the waist in the front.

For the early spring there is a decided change in both jackets and capes, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Entirely close-fitting jackets are seldom worn. They tend either to the Russian blouse effect or to the semi-fitting style. The blouse effects should be avoided by all women who have short waists or measure more than twenty-four inches about the waist. For these figures the jacket with the fitted back and the straight front is advised. Sleeves will continue to be tight, though upon the shoulders there will be some fulness, and they will oftenest be capped by loose drapery which is, for no special reason, called "pocket." Capes are more elaborately trimmed than ever before, and their linings are exquisite. Brocaded linings are no longer in vogue, preference being given to plain moires, rich silks and velvets. The coat skirt or basque will this season be cut shorter but not so full, and not rippling as it was last season. The cape is regarded as a necessity, although it is not supposed to give any warmth, or to be anything more than a beautiful adjunct to a smart costume.

Another authority on the same subject says that the good model for a spring jacket is strictly tailor-made, without braiding or any other trimming. The desirable length is from twenty-four to twenty-six inches. See that the pockets are set in straight instead of slightly rounded, as they were in some of the winter jackets. A fly front is noticed on the good jacket. This means that the single-breasted is preferable to the double-breasted. A black chevrot jacket is a useful possession, but the younger girls will prefer cream or tan colored cloth, with smoked pearl buttons.

## COMFORTING WORDS TO WOMEN.

The Surgical Chair and its Tortures May be Avoided by Women Who Heed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

Woman's modesty is natural; it is charming. To many women a full statement of their troubles to a male physician is almost impossible. The whole truth may be told to Mrs. Pinkham because she is a woman, and her advice is freely offered to all women sufferers.

Mrs. O. E. LADD, of 10th and N Sts., Galveston, Texas, whose letter is printed below, was completely discouraged when she first wrote to Mrs. Pinkham. Here is what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you some time ago, telling you of my ills, but now I write to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. I have used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, three packages of Sanative Wash, and one box of Liver Pills, and to-day I call myself a well woman. I suffered with backache, constant headache, whites, sick stomach, no appetite, could not sleep, and was very nervous. At time of menstruation was in terrible pain. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I never can say enough in praise of it. I have recommended it to many friends. If only all suffering women would try it, there would be more happy homes and healthy women. I thank you for the change your medicine has made in me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice, have saved thousands of women from hospital operations.

The lives of women are hard; whether at home with a ceaseless round of domestic duties or working at some regular employment, their daily tasks make constant war on health. If all women understood themselves fully and knew how exactly and soothingly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound acts on the female organs, there would be less suffering.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Women's ills



too many if your garden is a small one, as a great many kinds in a small yard are sure to give it a "patchy" look. Do not get packages of mixed seed. If you do, you are pretty sure to have a bizarre collection of colors in which there will be discordant ones. Order seed in which each color is by itself, and divide the packages among your neighbors. By this means you will be enabled to have distinct colors without extra expense. Do not attempt more than you can carry out well. A few plants well cared for will prove vastly more satisfactory than a large number of inferior ones. Remember this. Do not let the attractive descriptions of the season's "novelties" lead you away from those whose merits you are familiar with. Stand by the stand-bys.

In planning the garden, arrange its beds with reference to the colors of the flowers to be grown in them. Separate red and blue flowers by white ones. Put mauve or lilac or violet ones as far as possible from scarlet or yellow or blue ones. Use a good deal of white and other neutral colors as a foil to brighter ones. Aim to have contrast as well as harmony. Do not attempt elaborate effects. "Pattern beds" always draw attention from the flowers they contain to their peculiar shape or the color effect in them resulting from a grotesque arrangement of hues and tints. This is not as it should be; the flower should always be considered of more importance than anything else. Simplicity in the arrangement of a garden is always more pleasing than elaboration.

In the window garden, at this season, one will find it necessary to do considerable pruning in order to keep strong growing plants shapely. Save all the branches taken off, and make cuttings from them. Most of them will grow readily at this season if you insert them in the soil at the edge of the pot in which the parent plant grows. By rooting all cuttings that can be taken from your plants you can get enough young plants to fill a good-sized bed in your next summer garden. If you do not care to use them there give them an out-of-the-way corner, and keep them to cut from. You will find such a bed very useful. If you do not care to use the plants in any way, give them to the children or poor people, who may love flowers as much as you do, and thus help them to brighten their homes and make life better and pleasanter. Never throw away a flower or anything that will make a flower. Some one will want it if you do not.

The incoming season is to be one of picturesque apparel, and particularly of picturesque hats. Two of the most popular new shapes, says the New York Tribune, are the "Shepherdess" and the "Bergere," both with drooping brims, but differing considerably from each other, notwithstanding that the two names mean precisely the same thing. The "Shepherdess" demands an extremely low style of hair dressing.

The birds are beginning to breathe again, for there are strong indications that the Easter bonnet will not be decked with their plumage. Tips will be worn but no birds and wings.

The graceful sash will probably be in high favor this summer. Plaid ribbons will be much used for this purpose. Ribbons of all kinds will be much used next season.

Everything crinkled and plisse will be in demand for summer wear. Most of the new ribbons are in soft, light weaves, stiff bows being no longer admired. Velvet ribbons will be used for belts on the new gowns.

The new spring gowns may either be severely plain or elaborately decorated. Thoughts of next summer's garden will come to the lover of flowers, with the advent of the catalogues of the florists. Now, while there is leisure, it is well to decide on what you will have in your garden next season. It is well, too, to plan it, for with a plan you have something definite to work to, but without one the chances are that the completed garden will be a most unsatisfactory one. When you decide on what you are going to have in it, you can think out a plan that will enable you to arrange each plant to the best advantage. When the time comes to go to work, you will know where to begin and just what to do, says Eben E. Rixford in Harper's Bazar.

Let me give you a few suggestions, the importance of which is demonstrated from personal experience. In selecting flowers for your garden do not select

has been added a little salt, but no sugar.

Beet Salad.—Boil, chop, moisten with sweetened vinegar, heat boiling, pack in can and seal. Carrot salad is made in the same way, omitting the sugar from the vinegar and adding a little salt.

These pickles and salads are very refreshing in spring and early summer; they can be made any time during the winter, utilizing fruit cans which have been emptied; if canned piping hot they will keep as well as fruit. They can be used as a garnish, separately or mixed.

Pickled onions can be prepared in odd times. Peel, scald in salt and water until they begin to be tender, drain, put in wide-mouthed bottles or cans, and cover with hot spiced vinegar. Do not cork until cold. Small white onions are preferable for pickling.

Pickled raisins are the delight of children. Cook gently two pounds of raisins, thirty minutes, in a syrup of a teaspoonful sugar and a quart of vinegar.

Pickled Turnips.—To be eaten hot or cold. Clean without breaking the skin, boil whole, when tender pare, slice in half-inch slices and pour over spiced, sweetened vinegar, boiling hot.

Apple Catsup (good).—Pare, slice and stew tart apples in as little water as will prevent burning, and rub through a colander. To each quart add a teaspoonful of sugar, two medium sized onions chopped very fine, a teaspoonful each of ground pepper and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of salt and a pint of vinegar. Boil an hour, or until it will pour slowly from a spoon. Hermetically seal while hot. Watch closely while cooking and stir up often from the bottom. An asbestos mat under the kettle will be a great help if the fire is quite hot.

Some little helps in the kitchen are contributed to a Western exchange by Clara S. Everts:

When soaking salt fish it should be placed in the water with the skin side up to freshen quickly; otherwise the salt lodges against the skin and it takes longer to become fresh.

Cucumbers for pickles taken from brine will freshen more quickly if cut in two. If too small to cut in two, a slice taken from the stem will answer.

Sometimes pork is too salty to be palatable. If so, when it is put to cook it is covered with cold water, set over the fire until it boils, then removed, drained and fried as usual, it will be

almost as sweet and nicely flavored as when fresh.

When sifting flour for cake it is much handier to sift it on to a paper than into a mixing bowl, particularly if one sifts it several times, as is usually the case.

In smoothing flour in milk or water to use as thickening for gravies, etc., it is briskly beaten with a fork it can be much more quickly and easily done than with a spoon. The egg beater is even better than fork.

A nail near the kitchen work table on which to hang old papers is a great convenience. Having them close at hand a folded paper is quickly slipped under a table, and many other things that soon suggest themselves.

A folded paper on the ironing table, beside the iron heated iron, will save much soot and wear from the ironing sheet.

If necessary to iron clothes soon after having been dampened, water as hot as one can bear the hand in should be used for dampening, as the clothes will be in better condition for ironing than when cold water is used.

An oilcloth covering for cupboard and pantry shelves is one of the best time and labor savers the busy housekeeper can have. They render the frequent changing of papers unnecessary, a daily dusting or an occasional wiping with a damp cloth being all that is needed to keep the shelves clean and presentable.

After the egg beater has been used, if it is at once put into clear water and given a few brisk turns, then dipped into hot water as the wheel is still revolved, removed, shaken a little and laid on the drying shelf of the stove until dry, it will be cleaned and ready to hang away in its place in less time than it takes to write about it. If laid away to dry before washing it is a complicated and difficult task to clean it.

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## OUR HOMES.

## THE HEROIC AGE.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

He speaks not well who doth his time deplore,  
Saying it new and little and obscure,  
And this no more than others. Do thy part  
Here in the living day, as did the great  
Who made old days immortal! So shall men  
Gazing long back to this far-coming hour,  
Say: "Then the time when men were truly  
men."

They were grown less, their spirits met the test  
Of new conditions; conquering evil wrong;  
Guarding the state anew by virtuous lives,  
Guarding the country's honor as their own,  
And their own as their country's and their  
sons'.

Defying leagued fraud with single truth;  
Not fearing loss; and daring to be pure.  
When error through the land ranged like a pest,  
They calmed the madness caught from mind to  
mind.

By wisdom drawn from old, and counsel sane;  
And as the martyrs of the ancient world  
Have death for man, so nobly gave they life:  
Those great days, and that the heroic age.

## A SEVERE EXPERIMENT.

It was an ill-tempered day, with a  
fine, penetrating mist and a raw east  
wind. Every one who came into the  
store shivered as the warm air struck  
them, and the east wind seemed to have  
possession of all their tempers.

Caleb Wilson, the proprietor of the  
store, was at best a grumpy old gentle-  
man with an uncertain disposition,  
which was growing more uncertain as the  
day progressed and his trials accumu-  
lated. Mrs. Jones could get every-  
thing she pleased for a mite cheaper over  
to Hattie's. Mrs. Austin, his best  
customer and butter-maker, brought in  
doubtful butter; and he dared not tell  
her so, but meekly took it at his highest  
price. Mrs. Sampson returned a dress  
because she found a "damaged spot  
right in the middle of the piece." So it  
had gone all day.

Just at nightfall Bruce, his only son,  
a boy of fifteen, came in, and stood by  
the showcase, talking to a mate in the  
vicinity of Mr. Wilson, who was marking  
goods behind a stack of muslins.

"I feel awful bad about their changing  
our arithmetic," the boy was say-  
ing. "I just can't afford to get me  
one, I know."

"Yes, 'tis bad for some of you fel-  
lows," Bruce answered in a lofty tone.  
"Of course, with me it's different.  
Father can get whatever I want."

The old man's face grew grimmer,  
and his thin lips set in a displeased line.  
"So, so, young man," he muttered;  
"you are growing pretty loud."

Bruce went on: "I tell you I am glad  
my father's rich. I'd most rather die  
than go dressed as some of the fellows  
to school, and dig into all kinds of work."  
"Guess you could work if you had  
to," the boy replied rather tartly.

"Yes; but I don't have to," Bruce re-  
torted with a laugh.

"You don't, sonny? Well, well, see,"  
Mr. Wilson muttered again, peering  
around the muslins at the spruce, rather  
suspicious-looking boy. Then his  
gaze wandered down the length of the  
long, well-filled store. It was the  
largest in the county; and the honest,  
energetic old man had the patronage of  
the entire country-side to a large ex-  
tent. He gazed long down into the  
dim interior, until his clerks com-  
menced lighting up.

"I am tired of keeping store, any-  
way," he said, half aloud. Then, roused  
sharply, "Never mind lighting up," he  
called to the two young men. "Come  
here." He moved to the desk, and they  
followed him. "I shan't need you any  
more. Here's a month's wages ahead  
that will last you while you are hunt-  
ing another job," he said, shoving the  
money towards them.

"Why," they both began in astonish-  
ment, "have we done anything?"

"No, no, boys; you are all right. I  
will give you good recommendations. Hope  
you will have luck getting a place."

He turned from them, and commenced  
to pile up the books on his desk. They  
stood an instant in blank amazement.  
"Shan't we come back for the even-  
ing?" one of them ventured. "No, no;  
you can go now," he answered impa-  
tiently.

"Why, father, what does this mean?"  
questioned Bruce, who had been an in-  
terested auditor to his proceedings.  
His father, roushending no answer,  
went around carefully, closing the great  
shutters, setting the burglar-trap shot-  
gun, and double bolting the doors. He  
put the front door key in his pocket.

"Bring the account books from the  
desk," he said to Bruce. The boy  
obeyed. Then he extinguished the  
light, and they groped their way in the  
darkness to the back door. "Take the  
books to the house; then come with  
me," was the next command.

He carried them to the big white house  
just across the way. Then down the  
long village street they went rapidly  
with coat collars turned up in slight  
protection against the driving mist.  
Finally, they stood on the bridge over  
the river just above the dam. The fall  
rains had swollen it into quite a torrent,  
Mr. Wilson took the two big keys from  
his pocket, and handed them to Bruce.

"Throw them in," he said.

"Into the water?" the boy gasped.  
He was very white; but, knowing his  
father, he said no more, only obeyed.

"Now, young man," Mr. Wilson  
faced him with a keen gaze on the boy's  
startled countenance, "that store will  
stay shut until I see fit it should be  
opened. It may be five years. It may  
be fifty. Meantime I calculate I've got  
about as much income from other things  
to keep up the town. So, after this,  
if you get anything better than blue jeans,  
you'll flax around for it."

Such a mystery had never been be-  
lieved in the people. The whole country  
was in a flutter. But the black,  
wooden front of the big store and Mr.  
Wilson's grim face were alike imper-  
meable. Mrs. Wilson and the two  
married daughters, after vain question-  
ing and many tears, dropped it meekly.  
Bruce, who alone held the key of the  
problem, was naturally silent; but a  
bitter desire in his heart.

"Guess when he sees me in rags he  
will find some way to fix it up. I'd  
like to know what work he expects me  
to do anyway," he thought sullenly.

As the months went by, in spite of  
his mother's care, his clothes grew  
shabbier and shabbier. His shoes were  
actually ragged, but his father seemed  
not to notice it. Bruce had always  
been unpopular among the boys for his  
"bosky way" and his "airs." So in his  
adversity he had no friends to turn to.  
The mysterious closing of the store and  
the pined way in which the family  
appeared to live was "good enough for  
him" in their eyes; and the boy's school  
life seemed sometimes almost a purga-  
tory.

"Most die if you had to go like some  
of us fellows, wouldn't you?" jeered one  
of them one day.

"You'll have to stay to home in a  
blanket pretty soon," chimed in an-  
other.

"Mr. Jenkins wants a boy up in his  
tanyard. Better try for the place,"  
suggested a third.

"When you see me in Jenkins' tan-  
yard, you'll know it," shouted Bruce,  
boiling with passion. "My father's got  
money enough!"

"Oh, bother money, Bruce Wilson!"  
broke in one of the older boys. "You  
make me sick. You weren't any good  
with it, and you ain't any good without  
it. There's one thing money can't buy  
and you haven't got, and that's a sense."

He slunk away from the laughter of  
the boys with black rage in his heart.  
"Twas all his father. He'd make him  
sorry," was the whole thought of his  
life. Daily the neat gentlemanly boy  
grew more careless and worthless.

"He looks and acts like a tramp," his  
sister said one day to his mother.

"Can't father fix him up some?"  
It might seem a little self-respect, she  
thought, and she said so.

"No, he can't," he answered. "A self-  
respect that's made of clothes isn't good  
to stand by a fellow. I'll own that I'm  
disappointed in the boy. I thought he  
was worth saving; but I guess he ain't,  
I guess he won't." His voice quivered,  
and he turned to the window.

I think just that break in his father's  
voice went a long way toward saving  
Bruce Wilson, for he was in the next  
room and heard it all.

"Why, I believe he cares for me. He  
honestly cares, and isn't doing it for  
meanness," he thought, with a softening  
throb in his heart. He lay on the  
lounge a long time with his head buried  
in the pillows. When he got up, there  
was a look of grim determination on his  
face, very much like his father's.

That night he announced at the tea-  
table: "I've been up to see Mr. Jenkins.  
He will give me my board and fifty  
cents a week while school lasts. In  
vacation he will give me two dollars."

Mrs. Wilson dropped her fork in dis-  
may.

"Why, Bruce, that's the dirtiest,  
awfullest-smelling place; and Mrs.  
Jenkins has the name of being a dread-  
ful housekeeper."

"Yes, it's a pretty tough place; but  
'twas all the job I could get. I'll have  
to ask you, father, to advance me money  
enough for a pair of overalls and a  
waist. You know you promised me  
blue jeans." Mr. Wilson, without a  
word, handed him a dollar and a half.

Monday morning Bruce commenced  
work. The horrible smells sickened  
him. Mrs. Jenkins's cooking spoiled  
even his appetite; but there was a good  
deal of his father in him, after all, so  
he went on without a thought of giving  
it up.

"Yes, I am Jenkins' boy; and I  
expect I do smell of the tan-yard," he  
remarked, cheerfully, to the boys.

"And if any of you fellows object, I'll  
fight it out with you."

Somehow, though, "Jenkins' boy"  
grew in popularity with the fellows,  
in spite of his hands, and sometimes  
even his rather objectionable smell.

All the long summer he lived and  
worked at the tan-yard. Mrs. Wilson  
missed him sorely, and shed many tears  
in secret; while Mr. Wilson contracted  
a habit of strolling up to the yard, and  
from behind the safe shelter of the big  
piles of bark watching the boy with an  
anxious countenance.

"I'm afraid he's working too hard  
this hot weather," he said to his wife.

"It seems sort of unnatural, anyway, to  
have the boy we've got boarding  
away from home."

"Everything has been unnatural for  
most a year back, ever since you took  
that notion to shut up the store," she  
answered tearfully.

"Well, we'll see, we'll see. I ain't  
over the notion yet," was the discourag-  
ing rejoinder.

In the fall Bruce obtained a situation  
in the rival store of the village, which  
was doing a flourishing business now  
its formidable opponent was out of the  
way. His terms this time were his  
board and money, one dollar per month.  
The winter dragged slowly and lonesomely  
along for the old couple. Still Mr. Wil-  
son bided his time.

One morning in the spring every bill-  
board in town and every fence the  
country over held big posters announc-  
ing, in large, impressive letters:—

I, Caleb Wilson, having rested until I  
am tired,  
Will open my store as suddenly as I  
closed it.

Old goods sold at cost. New ones,  
some over.

Hoping my friends will be as glad to see  
me as I am to see them, I am,  
Your obedient servant,  
CALEB WILSON.

"Ah! This is like living again!" he  
said to himself, as he felt the old, fami-  
liar floor under his feet, and the old,  
familiar piles of goods confronted him.  
He drew long breaths of delight as he  
bustled about, directing his help in the  
"redding up."

It was growing a little late when he  
put on his hat and went slowly down  
the street. Rather hesitatingly he  
opened the door, and went into the  
other store. Bruce was alone; the  
proprietor had gone to town. Somewhat  
he looked unfamiliar to Mr. Wilson.  
He had grown so, and the boyish look  
had left his face. It seemed, as he  
looked at him, that he had lost his boy  
forever. He could have gathered him  
to his heart in a strange excess of ten-  
derness. The sudden tears welled to  
his unaccustomed eyes. He walked  
briskly up to the boy.

"Well, Bruce, does your board suit  
you?" he interrogated brusquely.

"Fairly," answered Bruce, with a  
smile.

"Good as mother's?"

"Well, no; it don't seem so to me.  
Maybe I am prejudiced."

"Get pretty good clothes?"

Bruce looked down at the plain home-  
span. "Better than blue jeans," he  
answered loquaciously.

"Well, you've flaxed around for  
them, haven't you?"

There was a silence. Then Mr. Wil-  
son commenced again.

"I never could abide that man Har-  
mon getting ahead of me. So, Bruce,  
if you will come over and work in my  
store, I'll give you your board and fif-  
teen dollars a month this year, and I'll  
send you to college next year. But you  
will have to keep on flaxing."

"Come nearer to the boy, and said, in a  
low voice, almost appealingly: "Say,  
Bruce, you've got more sense, haven't  
you? And you've got over the notion  
that good clothes and a rich old father  
will make a man? Say, sonny, you don't  
think I was too hard on you, do you?"

"Well," the boy said, rather hesitat-  
ingly, "you did jump on a fellow pretty  
heavy; but—I guess it was worth it."

Then his heart fairly leaped from his  
mouth; for he knew his father, un-  
yielding old father, suddenly leaned  
over and kissed him full on the mouth,  
as he was kissed when he was a little  
child.—Jeannette Scott Benton, in the  
Independent.

## OLD APPLE TREES.

IN AUTUMN.

The twisted trees, like gray old men at prayer,  
Stoop stiffly forward, their disheveled hair  
Embraced with the mist. Beneath the bill,  
Careering carward with a mighty thrill,  
Expands the conflict of the approaching wind.

The day being gray and full of discipline,  
Their orisons, too creaking, poor and thin.  
And what a wail! Intoning at his will,  
Cowedly maddly in an air of capricious.  
Blustering out Paternosters, Aves, Creeds,  
His flapping robes back for greater speed!

IN SPRING.

But in the spring—the sisters in the spring  
Peek into prayer that is a blossoming.  
The rigid trees in budding time agree  
In whiteness fair. Like silver filigree  
Against the tender turquoise of the sky,  
Stiffness and stiff and pure the blossoms lie.

As elated by a carving delicate  
As that which shaped some relics of state,  
A wealth of great domes of blue immolate  
Rosed like white brides of heaven translated,  
Ecstasically devout in their estate.

Of recent beauty, a radiant sky  
The ancient sisters lift a harmony.  
—Hannah Parker Kimball.

## HE GAVE HER UP.

Pretty and sweet as the maiden looked,  
Josiah had a natural prejudice against  
her and her mother. They were  
worldly people and the girl was by no  
means the wife he would have chosen  
for his adopted son and nephew, John  
Parr. Even a Quaker maid would have  
been likely to become demoralized by  
the perpetual making of fine gowns and  
furbelows for the ladies of the neighbor-  
hood, and Ella Massie—why—  
Suddenly his train of thought was broken  
by Ella's gay voice.

"O, Mr. Fry," she said, "I have  
watched you all day, and I have thought  
how tired you must be. You are a good  
bit older than I am and I know I get  
awfully tired at work and I expect you  
do, too."

The Quaker drew himself up to his  
full height and his handsome, middle-  
aged face, with its fine eyes and gray  
locks, looked grand to Ella as he re-  
plied:

"Work is good, and, thank God, I  
have plenty of it. It keeps one from  
sin."

"I am afraid I do love the world very  
much. It is so beautiful, and every one  
is so kind to me, but I should like to  
be better. Won't you teach me? I will  
try so hard to learn."

Josiah's reply was not very coherent,  
but whatever he said he certainly  
thought a great deal of Ella after this,  
and he decided that, although she did  
not belong to the Society of Friends—  
she looked as sweet and good as any  
young Quaker maid—she might yet be  
converted, and she had asked him to  
teach her to be good. "And so I will,"  
he suddenly started himself exclaim-  
ing as he pondered over the matter in  
the silence of his chamber that night.

"She is only a frail sailing now," he  
said to himself, "but she will learn and  
will grow, and the mightiest oak was  
once an acorn."

From this time Josiah made a point of  
seeing Ella Massie frequently and doing  
his best to convert her to his ideas and  
opinions. He found in her a docile,  
loving nature, and her pretty ways fairly  
charmed him.

The idea of having her about the  
house was certainly attractive, and he  
somewhat he could not picture her  
as John's wife—the girl had fairly  
twined herself into his heart, and by  
the time the golden harvest had come  
Josiah knew the fact only too well.

At first he chided himself and told  
himself he was an old fool. It was ab-  
surd to think that a beautiful girl of 20  
would care for an old widower of more  
than double her age. Still, after all, at  
even forty and five, a man can love, and  
love passionately, and Josiah loved Ella  
with all the strength of his soul. He  
would not, of course, wish to steal her  
away from his nephew, but John had  
been probably a mere passing fancy, and  
he was sure—was he, though?—yes, he  
believed he was quite sure—that Ella  
loved him.

One beautiful August evening, after  
the day's work was over, Josiah Fry  
and Ella stood talking in the gloaming  
at her mother's gate.

"Ella," he said, "I have come here  
this evening because I have something  
important to say to you. Ah, you smile.  
You guess what it is don't you?"

The girl looked down for a moment,  
and then, though she blushed deeply,  
she gazed at him with her lovely blue  
eyes and said:

"Yes, Mr. Fry, I felt sure you would  
say something soon."

Josiah looked radiant. It was strange  
how Ella's words pleased him, and yet  
they were not like those he should have  
expected from a Quaker maid. Still it  
was delightful to think how she had un-  
derstood him, and no one could be more  
charming or more sweet.

"Then thou art not afraid to trust me?"

Thou thinkest I shall suit thee?" he said  
gaily.

"Yes," she answered. "I know it.  
They used to tell me you were cold and  
hard, but I did not believe it then, and  
now I laugh when I think of it, for I  
have learned to love you."

She accompanied her words with a  
little squeeze of his brawny hand, which  
she then raised to her lips and kissed.  
Josiah felt his blood coursing madly  
through his veins. He was delighted to  
find himself so beloved, and, though he  
was distinctly being courted by this  
young maid, it was so sweet to him that  
his sense of the proprieties was in no  
way excited.

"But, my dear, thou knowest I am  
five and forty and sometimes cross and  
crabbed."

"That's nothing," laughed Ella. "I  
love old men, and feel so proud of you  
with your beautiful gray hair and your  
straight tall figure. You will be a lovely  
old man, and I shall be prouder than  
ever of you."

"Jack wanted to tell you all about it  
long ago, though he knew you would  
disapprove of me for his wife, but I  
begged him to wait. I told him if you  
would let me say—and you are—that I  
was sure I could make you fond of me.  
I loved you a little already because you  
were Jack's uncle and had been so good  
to him, and if I like people I can always  
make them like me a little." She paused,  
and then after a moment's silence she  
went on:

"Only yesterday I told Jack he might  
speak to you to-day, and now I do be-  
lieve you must have guessed it, for here  
you are giving me a ring, and I am so  
glad, for we could never have married  
without your consent!"

Darkness seemed to fall over the land-  
scape, and Josiah Fry felt it suddenly  
turn cold. His face blanched, but he  
uttered not a sound. He merely turned  
as if to go home.

"Must you go now?" cried Ella, see-  
ing and suspecting nothing. "Well,  
perhaps it is time. It's getting dark,  
and Jack will be in from Birchley fair by  
this time and will want his supper. Be-  
sides, I know you want to make him  
as happy as you have made me. Good  
night and thank you so much. Jack  
and I will never forget your goodness."

"Good night!" said Josiah mecha-  
nically, and he made his way across the  
field to his own home. He staggered  
somewhat as he walked, and his feet  
seemed like lead, so that the short dis-  
tance across the farm to the meadow  
seemed longer than ever before. For  
that, however, he was not sorry, for the  
meeting with his nephew was painful  
to anticipate.

He was, however, no coward, so  
he put a brave face on the matter, and  
entering the parlor, where Jack was  
waiting for him to come in for supper,  
he exclaimed:

"Well, John, business first and supper  
afterward. I want to tell thee that I  
know all—everything. Ella has just  
told me, and, lad, thou hast my blessing.  
She is a good girl and will make thee  
a faithful, loving wife, and thou must  
marry as soon as possible."—Cincinnati  
Post.

Is it not strange how stealthily today  
Slips into Yesterday and glides away?  
E'en while you sleep he steals adown the  
Unbolted ponderous door, and goes—  
you know not where.

No rumbling of great iron wheels is heard,  
The pulses of the dreamer are not stirred,  
When the long train of flying Yesterdays  
Hails at your midnight door—then speeds its  
lonely way.

It leaves a youthful traveller at your gate  
To take the place of him who could not  
wait;  
The young today walks in and climbs the  
steep  
While yet the brazen hammers forge the spec-  
tacular hours.

"Is It Not Strange?" from "The Spinning  
Wheel Rest," by Edward Augustus Jenks.

## Examined Unawares.

One of the brightest and incidentally  
the prettiest girls in Barnard College  
was also the most nervous, at least at  
examination, says the New York Press.  
Her affliction, not apparent ordinarily,  
rendered her miserably hopeless then.  
She was bound to stumble and fall over  
the simplest questions, and she knew it.  
She despaired herself for it. As the fatal  
time approached she held herself in in-  
creasing contempt, until she felt she  
was not worthy to live.

At Barnard she was preparing herself  
for a professorship in mineralogy and  
geology. She had done brilliant work  
through the year, both in laboratory  
and in recitation, so that those of her  
classmates who did not know of her  
weakness predicted certain honors for  
her. But the hideous finals were upon  
her and she was in despair.

The examination was to be oral and  
public, and to complete her agony they  
would be conducted by a Harvard pro-  
fessor, who was coming on for that es-  
pecial purpose. A friend of hers in  
Barnard knew this professor and met  
him on his arrival. She told him of the  
trepidation of her brilliant friend.

On the morning of the fatal day, some  
hours before the finals were to begin,  
the professor was walking through the  
Museum of Natural History, and met  
there quite by chance his acquaintance  
and her nervous friend. He was intro-  
duced, and begged the ladies to  
show him over the hall of mineral-  
ogy and geology.

The older of the young women ex-  
cused herself, having an engagement,  
but the younger said she would be only  
too happy. The honor was more than  
grateful, she said, for it would allow  
her to forget the torture in store for her.  
She took the professor all over the build-  
ing, which was perfectly familiar to her.  
He asked her many questions, which  
she answered with wonderful accuracy,  
growing enthusiastic as she proceeded,  
and talking brilliantly on her hobby.

Both the professor and his fair guide  
forgot the time until a messenger warned  
him. The girl looked like one suddenly  
awakened from sweet dreams to find  
herself on the edge of a precipice.

"Why should you fear now?" said  
the professor, as he took the pen from  
his pocket and hastily filled out a blank.  
This is to certify that you have passed  
with honor."

## Free Traveling Libraries.

For many years Mr. Melvil Dewey,  
director of the New York State Library,  
has advocated a scheme of State distri-  
bution of books by the way of loan to  
institutions and to groups of taxpayers  
on payment of a nominal fee. His plan  
includes a system of central control  
and supervision under which small col-  
lections of popular books are to be sent  
from point to point, kept in charge of  
responsible persons, and circulated  
freely among the residents of each  
locally.

The State of New York made an  
appropriation for such a system of  
library loaning in 1892, and has ap-  
propriated annually since. In the first  
46 libraries were sent out; in the sec-  
ond, 139; in the third, 212; in the fourth,  
371; and in the fifth year, 447.  
Books have been purchased to supply  
the constantly increasing demand, un-  
til now there are nearly 36,000 volumes  
owned by the State and available for  
this purpose.

These libraries are carefully chosen,  
by expert librarians, and are made up  
of the choicest and freshest publica-  
tions. A large proportion of the books  
must necessarily be works of fiction if  
the interest of the average borrower is  
to be sustained. Care is taken to pro-  
vide only the very best and most  
wholesome stories, and to adapt them to  
the age and requirements of those to  
whom they are sent. In this respect  
the influence of the traveling libraries,  
if not distinctly educational, is at least  
uplifting and invigorating. A growing  
interest in biography, history, eco-  
nomics, science, and art has been noted  
and fostered by the management, and  
many books in these departments are  
continually being purchased and sent  
out. Some entire libraries are made up  
of these subjects, to the exclusion of  
fiction altogether, and the special col-  
lections sent to study clubs throughout  
the State are doing a real educational  
work.—American Monthly Review of  
Reviews.

## Humorous Signs.

Of unwittingly ludicrous or humor-  
ous signs there are plenty. A tinsmith  
near Exeter, England, has a sign which  
reads:

"Quart measures of all shapes and  
sizes sold here."

At a market town in Rutlandshire  
the following placard was affixed to the  
shutters of a watchmaker who had de-  
camped, leaving his creditors mourning:

"Wound up and the mainspring broke."  
Equally apposite was one in Thomes-  
ton, Ga. On one of the principal streets  
the same room was occupied by a phy-  
sician and a shoemaker, the disciple  
of Galen in front, while he of St. Cris-  
pin worked in the rear. Over the door  
hung:

"We repair both sole and body."

On the windows of a London coffee  
room there appeared the notice:

"This coffee room removed upstairs  
dill repaired."

The proprietor of the place was not  
an Irishman, though the frame of the  
notice over the entrance to a French  
burying ground, "Only the dead who  
live in this parish buried here," must  
have been.

One may see in the windows of a  
confectioner in Fourth Avenue, New  
York, "Pies open all night." A bow-  
ery placard reads, "Home-made dining  
rooms, family oysters," while a West  
Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-  
made pies, pastry and oysters," still  
another caterer on East Broadway re-  
tains: "Fresh salt oysters and lager beer."

—Stoves and Hardware Reporter.

## GEMS.

Reflect, if art be in truth the higher life,  
You need the gem to life to stand upon  
In order to reach up to that higher.

—Mrs. Browning.

The greater the difficulty the more  
glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots  
gain their reputation from storms and  
tempests.—Epicurus.

Be just and fear not; let all the ends  
thou aimest at, be thy country's, thy  
God's, and truth's.—Shakespeare.

The hills are dearest which our childhood feet  
Have climbed the earliest; and the stream  
most sweet  
Are ever those at which our young lips drank  
Stooped to their waters over the grassy bank.  
—The Bridal of Pennacook.

Character is higher than intellect. A  
great soul will be strong to live as well  
as to think.—Emerson.

To rule one's anger is well; to pre-  
vent





## THE HORSE.

## Swelled Legs in Horses.

During the forced confinement of young horses just being broken it is very common to find that several in the stable have their legs, the hind ones especially, "stocked," as it is termed by horsemen, that is to say, swollen and round. At times they are hot and tender, while at other times they are "stocked," and there is no tenderness, the condition existing without any apparent inconvenience to the animal. In such cases there is some speculation about the cause at times, for the colts have not been overworked and they appear healthy, while some of them have their legs in good condition.

When it is remembered that there are changes going on in the system, i. e., colthood developing into adult life, dentition progressing, the temporary sucking teeth giving place to permanent ones, it can be easily understood that the system is liable to derangement, and the digestive organs are most susceptible to such derangements when the dental organs are implicated and the adjacent secretory glands.

Exercise being limited or suspended adds to the trouble, as the effete materials have to be eliminated from the system through those important emunctories, the kidneys, so aptly termed by old pathologists the scavengers of the body. These organs becoming overtaxed fall also into derangement, and as a consequence we have the "filled legs" termed "stocked."

Careful attention to dietary and the exhibition of salines occasionally will prevent such trouble in most cases, and can be supplemented by hand-rubbing of the extremities morning and evening, followed by bandaging. In bandaging care is needed that the bandage is not too tight and that broad tape be used always, never string so that the blood vessels are pressed or the circulation through them interfered with, for when this is done, the swelling increases considerably. Moderate exercise must be given, and in a dry, sheltered yard, for exposure is bad. The system being excited, a chill is easily brought about.

As to salines, an ounce of the hyposulphate of soda twice a week in the drinking water is excellent as a preventive, but when the legs are stocked and all four are implicated, there is evidence that there is more amiss than the amateur can handle. The doctor is needed, that the legs may assume their healthy, flat shape again, and not remain filled or liable to refill on the slightest cause.

## Horse Notes.

Manager, 2,063-4, has been sold for \$3400.

Trinket, 2,14, is in foal to Bingen, 2,12 1-2.

Hulda, 2,08 1-2, is to be bred to Dexter Prince.

Prima Donna, 2,09 1-4, is to be bred to Ashland Wilkes.

Mack, 2,16 1-4, is running loose in a paddock at Rutland, Vt.

Under no circumstances leave a horse untied. It may be entirely safe ninety-nine times; then the hundredth time you'll wish you hadn't, and wish very hard.—Ex.

A national convention of horsemen is being arranged to be held in March. The object of the meeting is to confer with foreign horse dealers and ascertain the particular types of horses in urgent demand for the export trade, and to encourage farmers and breeders to raise these special classes.

John Runnells, an aged farmer living on the Vassalboro road, in Winslow, has just laid away a horse which was in many ways a remarkable animal. The horse was of the famed Knox blood and was bred by Mr. Runnells twenty-six years ago last May. The animal retained his colish notions until he was two years of age, and then his master trained him to harness, and a remarkable thing is that though the colt was gentle and developed into a steady horse only two people, Mr. Runnells and his daughter, have ever held a rein over him. Another remarkable thing is that in the twenty-five years that the old horse has been trained to harness he has slept in the same stall every night with only six exceptions. It is needless to say that the horse was the pet of the family and his loss is deeply regretted if not indeed mourned.—Spirit of the Hub.

A HARD DAY'S WORK should bring the reward of a good bed for your horse. The best bed for the money is provided by German Pest Moss. C. B. Barrett, 45 North Market street, Boston.

## Boston Cooking School.

All ingredients mentioned in the following recipes are measured level.

The lesson given at the Cooking School Wednesday morning, March 2, included the preparation of several dishes rather more elaborate than would be served at the ordinary home table, and were intended for suggestions to the perplexed housekeeper when entertaining. Consomme, Oysters a la Somerset, Chicken Timbales, Bechamel Sauce, Luncheon Rolls, Shrimp Salad and Imperial Padding with Raspberry Sauce, were prepared before a good-sized audience.

CONSUMME.—Consomme requires three kinds of meat, veal, beef and chicken, in its preparation. No fat need be used and less bone than for soup stock. The clearing removes the nutritious properties, so that it acts more as a stimulant rather than a nutrient, and is suitable for serving at the beginning of a heavy dinner.

Cut three pounds of beef from the under part of the round, into one and one-half inch cubes; to give color to the soup, brown half of it in a little marrow from a marrow bone, or a little of the fat with the meat, or a little salt. To the remainder, add three pounds knuckle of veal cut in small pieces, the bones, three quarts of cold water and the browned meat. Let stand one-half hour, then heat slowly to the boiling point and cook gently three hours. Remove the scum, add one quart of chicken stock or the water in which a fowl has been cooked, and simmer two hours. Cook one-third cupful each of carrot, turnip, onion and celery, cut in small pieces, in two tablespoonfuls of butter, five minutes, then add to soup with one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of peppercorns, four cloves, three sprigs of thyme, one sprig of marjoram, two sprigs parsley and one-half bay leaf. Cook one and one-half hours, strain, cool quickly, remove fat, and clear.

It is better to make the consomme the day before it is to be used, and clear it the day it is served. To clear it, a little meat finely chopped or white of an egg may be used or both. Remove the cake of fat from the top, and wipe over the jelly-like stock with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out in hot water to remove all trace of fat. To each quart of soup allow the white and shell of one egg, washing the egg first. Beat the white of the egg slightly, add to the soup and bring it to a boil, stirring all the while, then let it simmer on the back of the range for twenty minutes. If the flavor is liked, a small amount of the yellow yolk of a lemon may be added when the white of the egg is removed. Strain through cheese cloth, laying it in a colander and passing it through a fine strainer first so as to insure perfect clearness. The cheese cloth should be first wrung out in hot water.

Any garnish preferred may be used, the garnish giving the name to the soup.

OYSTERS A LA SOMERSET.—Fry one-half tablespoonful chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls canned mushrooms finely chopped, in three tablespoonfuls butter for five minutes; add four tablespoonfuls flour and one-third cupful each of oyster liquor and chicken stock. Season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Parboil one pint selected oysters, remove the tough muscles, and bring into shape. Dip oysters in the cold sauce and cool on a plate of bread raspings (fresh bread crumbs put through a colander). Dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve with parsley on a doiley.

Onion juice may be used in place of the chopped onion, obtaining it by pressing the cut surface of the onion with a rotary motion on a grater.

The oysters are parboiled by putting them in a saucepan and letting them remain on the range until they are plump, stirring them occasionally with a fork. Then drain and dry on a towel. This removes a large part of the moisture and will insure the sauce and crumbs clinging to the oyster.

If a sauce is to be served with the oysters, a pretty way of serving it is in baskets made of lemon peel, like the orange baskets.

CHICKEN TIMBALES.—Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add one-fourth cupful bread crumbs and one-half cupful milk; cook five minutes. Add one pint cold chopped chicken, one tablespoonful chopped parsley and two eggs well beaten. Season with salt and pepper. Bake in buttered timbale moulds or small cups, set in a pan of hot water, twenty minutes.

These were very good. An economical housekeeper would probably substitute veal for the chicken if more convenient.

BECHAMEL SAUCE.—Cook two slices each of onion and carrot and one and one-half cupfuls white stock with a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and eight peppercorns twenty minutes. Strain, add one cupful cream, and thicken with one-fourth cupful each of butter and flour cooked together. Season with three-fourths teaspoonful salt and one-fourth teaspoonful pepper. Pour the sauce around the timbales rather than over them.

LUNCHEON ROLLS.—Scald one-half cupful milk, add two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful salt; cool. Add one-half yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls lukewarm water, and three-fourths cupful flour; cover, and let rise. Add two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one well beaten egg, the grated rind of one-half lemon, and enough flour to knead. Let rise again, roll to one-half inch in thickness, shape, let rise and bake. These may be shaped in any of the fancy forms described in previous lectures, or simply rolled out lightly and cut with a small biscuit cutter. The latter will be more delicate and are very appetizing when of small size. The addition of

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## REFLECT!!

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the grated lemon rind gives a peculiar flavor which will be liked by many for variety.

SHRIMP SALAD.—One pint of fresh shrimps were used, from which the shells had been removed, also the little dark line running the length of the body, which corresponds to the intestinal vein in the lobster. Cut the shrimps in pieces, saving a few of the best ones for garnishing, then marinate the remainder with a French dressing. Make nests of shredded lettuce or uncut lettuce leaves and fill with the shrimps. Garnish with the whole shrimps and mayonnaise, putting the latter through a pastry bag and tube. Wine jelly moulded in shell forms, and colored to a shrimp pink with a combination of Burnett's mandarin orange and damask rose, was also used for garnishing, with a few capers. Canned shrimps may be used, freshening with cold water, and removing the dark line as in the fresh ones.

IMPERIAL PUDDING.—Pick over and wash one-half cupful rice, add one quart cold water, heat to the boiling point, drain, and add one pint milk; steam one and one-half hours in the double boiler. Then put through a puree strainer. Soak one-half box gelatine in one-fourth cupful cold water, add to the warm rice with one-half teaspoonful salt, one cupful sugar and one-fourth cupful wine. Cool and add the whip from one pint cream. Mould and serve.

More milk may be needed than given in the recipe, according to the rice. The amount of gelatine needed will depend upon the kind of gelatine used. Miss Farmer used one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, substituting hot water for the cold, so that it will dissolve before combining with the rice. The pudding will be prettier if moulded in individual moulds and at the lesson, a layer of wine jelly, colored pink, was moulded at the bottom of the mould first, and when this was set, the pudding was added and put into cracked ice until it was moulded. The pudding was good enough to serve without a sauce but was served with the sauce given below at the lesson.

To whip the cream, use either light cream or heavy cream diluted with an equal quantity of even more of milk. Put the cream into a bowl set into a pan of cracked ice and ice water, whipping with the whip churn, using a light upward and quick downward stroke. Stir in the first froth that rises, and skim off the remainder putting it in a strainer set in a pan.

RASPBERRY SAUCE.—Beat three-quarters of a cupful of heavy cream, add quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar and half a cupful of raspberry sauce or syrup. In raspberry sauce, fresh raspberries may be used, but a syrup may be obtained at other seasons by adding a little warm water to good raspberry jam and straining it to remove the seeds.

The next lesson will be given at the rooms of the school, 372 Boylston St., Wednesday morning, March 9, beginning at 10 o'clock. Tomato Soup, Moulded Fish, Chicken en Casserole, Stuffed Pimientos, Neufchatel Salad and Stanley Padding will be prepared and served. Single admission, fifty cents.

A great deal of trouble is in store for the fruit growers of Massachusetts, by reason of the San Jose scale. Although not much has been said about the pest of late, it is well understood by some of the leading agriculturists that the scale has been found in a good many localities in the state having been spread broadcast by trees from one or two nurseries. Unless something is done the pest is likely to become common everywhere causing millions of dollars worth of damage. A movement may be made for its extermination after the plan of the gypsy moth. With the scale, the gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth it seems that Massachusetts has more than her share of dangerous new pests. If there is any more exterminating to be done it is high time that Uncle Sam took a hand in the business.

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## FARMERS' MEETING.

(Continued from Second Page.)

advocates of this scheme. There are all manner of theories, that cannot be put into practice. They promise a great deal. Land. What is land? What is the value of land?

I would like to ask, supposing one had 10,000 acres of land given him, what is the actual income on land? Is it a dollar an acre? The natural income of three-fourths of the acreage of this Commonwealth is not a dollar an acre. Now, how are you going to tax that land?

Ex-Gov. Emery: I thought when I came here I had something to say on this subject, but the speaker has so thoroughly covered the ground, and done it so admirably that I could add nothing to it, I should be glad if some steps could be taken whereby a copy of the address could be put in the home of every farmer of this Commonwealth. I am glad for one to see some such movement as has been inaugurated here today. I do not understand what this outside talk has been. Certainly, the idea is not in accord with the meeting, and I see others here that I think feel pretty much the same as I do in regard to this matter.

There is a great deal to be said on this subject. The more one thinks about it, the more one is convinced that there is something wrong in this bill that is before the legislature. It has been said here today nearly ninety per cent of all the wealth in the country has come into possession of one-tenth of the people, and that wealth is largely in bonds and in stocks, and the possessors are not disposed to give account of it for taxation. If we are to consider them as "tender feet," and that because they are men of unusually large wealth their affairs must not be inquired into, then gentlemen there is something wrong. What we need is the proper enforcement of the law. We now have. If the law is not sufficient to reach all these cases, then make it more stringent! Let every man pay his taxes according to what he possesses.

I had hoped, before this meeting adjourned, that some suggestion would be made, whereby the address that has been delivered to us here today, shall be put in black and white, and in such form that every honest man in this Commonwealth shall have a copy of it to read and consider.

Mr. Hadwen: If the chair be allowed a word, it seems to me that this meeting should be in the interests of the farmers. I believe in taxation, and in taxing all kinds of property of every name and nature. In fact, I do not believe in any property being exempted from taxation, and the sooner we come to that point, the better. Now then, in relation to the value of land. I think a law should be enacted, whereby the assessor should be compelled to tax that land in accordance with its product, whatever that might be, provided that land is in the hands of the agriculturalist who gets his living from his land.

If the land belongs to a syndicate, that is another thing. But when it is in the hands of the legitimate farmer, I think where he uses it for the purpose of his living, the land should be taxed in accordance with its annual product, and that seems to me the only way. I know we have a great many ideas in relation to taxation, but I want something wherein the farmer is protected by law. So the assessor should tax him in accordance with what he receives from his land. This idea of taxing the land alone seems to me the most absurd of any that has been offered. I am inclined to believe that the people who advocate it are people who own no land and are very desirous of reducing the price of land so they can buy it, and after getting it into their hands, will be very anxious to change the law.

I don't quite agree with my friend, Mr. Ware. I should like to, but not on double taxation. I think if property is fairly and honestly taxed once, that is sufficient, especially where there is so much that is exempted. I don't know how long we can go in the direction we are now tending, and the farmers of the state live under the burdens to which they are subject by tax. There must be an end to it sometime. When the tax is more than the product, where is the money coming from? Supposing a widow is left with some stumpy land; there is a tax to be paid on that land, and there is no income! There will be none for twenty-five or thirty years. Where is she to obtain the money to pay that tax? Why, she must sell it to somebody that does not want its products, that can live without it. However, it is very difficult to make laws that will accord with all these conditions.

Now then, all corporations in the state are taxed by the state, which is all fair. Suppose a man owns stock in these corporations? It has paid its taxes once, should it pay taxes twice? I say, no! A tax paid once upon the property is the basis upon which we should rest, and not attempt to tax property twice, and let other property be exempt! Now, I have stirred up Mr. Ware.

Mr. Ware: You have. I want to

ask you, Mr. Chairman, whether you believe in the fundamental principle of taxation, as was established by our forefathers, that men should pay according to their ability to pay. Do you believe in that?

Mr. Hadwen: To a certain extent, but not as far as you would carry it.

Mr. Ware: Do you believe, then, that the property owned by people in Massachusetts consisting of bonds and stock (and they are worth millions of money) should be exempt from taxation?

Mr. Hadwen: No, I do not. I say that property should be taxed once. The tax should be paid by the corporation which owns the property on which those bonds have been issued.

Mr. Ware: Very true. The bonds and stocks are taxed as corporation property this once. Now then, what are you going to do with the man whose whole property is worth one million of dollars, and he owns that, or he receives an income from it of perhaps \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year. He receives an income, but mind you it is from property that has already been taxed as corporation property by the State. You say that man ought not to be taxed?

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Mr. Ware: That is what you say. Now I want to say, in connection with this: I was attending a meeting on taxation when one of the single tax advocates came to me and was very anxious to enlist me in behalf of the single tax, before the meeting. He thought perhaps I might have some influence on the meeting. Says I, look here my friend, if your principle of taxation should come into effect, land would be of no value whatever. The "cat in the meal crept out," as it generally does. Says he, that is just what we want,—that land shall be of no value! But men who have worked all their lives, poor men who earn \$200 and invest it in a house lot, must lose it if this law is adopted, and that is just what they want! I don't think that fellow meant to admit that, but he did. It is just what they want! That land shall be of no value. Well, now, that is confiscation, because with many of us, our property is all in land, and those fellows would take it all from us for their own selfish purposes and ends. But long may the time be, before such a calamity shall fall upon the farmers of Massachusetts!

Now, there are today and have been and will be petitions going into the legislature, praying that such laws may be enacted as shall be equal upon all, and that a law shall not be adopted exempting intangible property.

I have petitions here, which may be signed now, or, if you would like to take one home and circulate it among your friends, I should be very happy to have you do so.

Mr. Hersey: I don't propose to enter into any argument on this subject, but I happen to possess a point in regard to single taxation that I think may interest those present. A few years ago, when the matter of single tax was brought up, I had the curiosity to look into the matter, to find out what the result would be in our town if that measure should be adopted. So I went over with the whole valuation of Hingham, taking the land as assessed by the assessors, and I found at that time, if land was required to pay the taxes of our town, it would be \$69.50 an acre, and if it should be passed now, when the taxes are very much higher than they were then, I don't know but what it would be nearer \$100 an acre. The question arose with me, who is going to pay the taxes? Our bills must be paid, and it is possible, would it be possible to collect that tax, even by selling the land? I don't think it would. I think you might put the land up at auction, and it is doubtful if you would get more than one year's tax; then, where is the next?

Mr. Shaw: I have listened very at-

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tentively to the lecture, and I cannot sit here and let anybody suggest that I belong to that class of people who like to have a heavier burden placed upon the farmers of the Commonwealth. I cannot conceive of any good result coming from the releasing of the tax. I do not believe it is proper, where corporations within the state have been already taxed, to have the stocks taxed again. But there are any quantities of stocks and money invested throughout the state that are not taxed, and those I want something done with, so that they can be found. I think a large part of the fault of these not being taxed is owing to the assessors of the Commonwealth. I served as assessor for fifteen years, and I know what the work is. I know that you have to read on a great many people's toes-men who have a great deal of political influence, and if you tax them a little more than they have been taxed, they will vote against you next time. It needs a little back bone, and you are all right.

Now if the assessors of the Commonwealth should look these things up, and if they suspect a man is not telling the truth about his stocks and bonds, etc., they should put him under oath, and make him tell. The farmers have to tell everything they have got. It hurts the rich man's feelings to have to tell where his wealth is, and how much he has, but it does not hurt the farmer's feelings, they are never hurt: They have always been trampled on, but they will stand up and be men. But these other men are not willing to pay a cent to help on the progress of the state: I do not think the gentlemen have spoken any too strongly against such men. They have no patriotism,—it is only selfishness of the lowest degree.

Mr. Haskell: I don't know as I can be more practical than this: I am not a single taxer, I don't understand it; but I will say that my mother owns five acres of land, and a house and barn in the town of Wellesley. About two acres of the land is good for cultivation, and there is a tax of \$2,500 on the whole, and the balance on the land. Now, I contend that it is not enough. The land has a greater value than that, and I think it is the value of the land that ought to be taxed. I think the farmers pay their full share already, but if a farm is back in the country, it does not have the value it would on Winter street, in Boston. Therefore, I say now, that if my mother was taxed for the land she could not afford to let it lie idle. She would be obliged to sell it, and if she sold it, somebody would build, and the fact that they built would give greater value to the surrounding property. Now there is over thirty acres adjoining that, as I said before, the farmers already pay their proportion, and I object to that system being put in operation which would cause them to pay more, but if it was applied to the whole town, it would lighten the burden of taxation.

The time having come for adjournment, the discussion was closed. Before the meeting adjourned, however, the chairman read the following notice: "The next MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN Farmers' Meeting will be held in this Hall, two weeks from today, March 12, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dr. G. M. Twitchell, of Augusta, Me., will speak on 'The Future of Our Breed.' What Constitutes Merit? You are all very cordially invited to be present."

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